

# The Listener

and

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St. Paul's Cathedral: a view from a fifteen-storey building in High Holborn which illustrates the way in which the old skyline of London is becoming submerged. See J. M. Richards on 'Where the Building Meets the Sky' (page 1089)

## In Praise of Political Apathy

By Christopher Martin

## The Centre of the Galaxy

By Patrick Moore

## Berlioz's First Opera

By Bernard Keeffe

## The Consequences of Nationalism

By F. H. Hinsley

## Desert Floods and Human Affairs

By Claudio Vita-Finzi

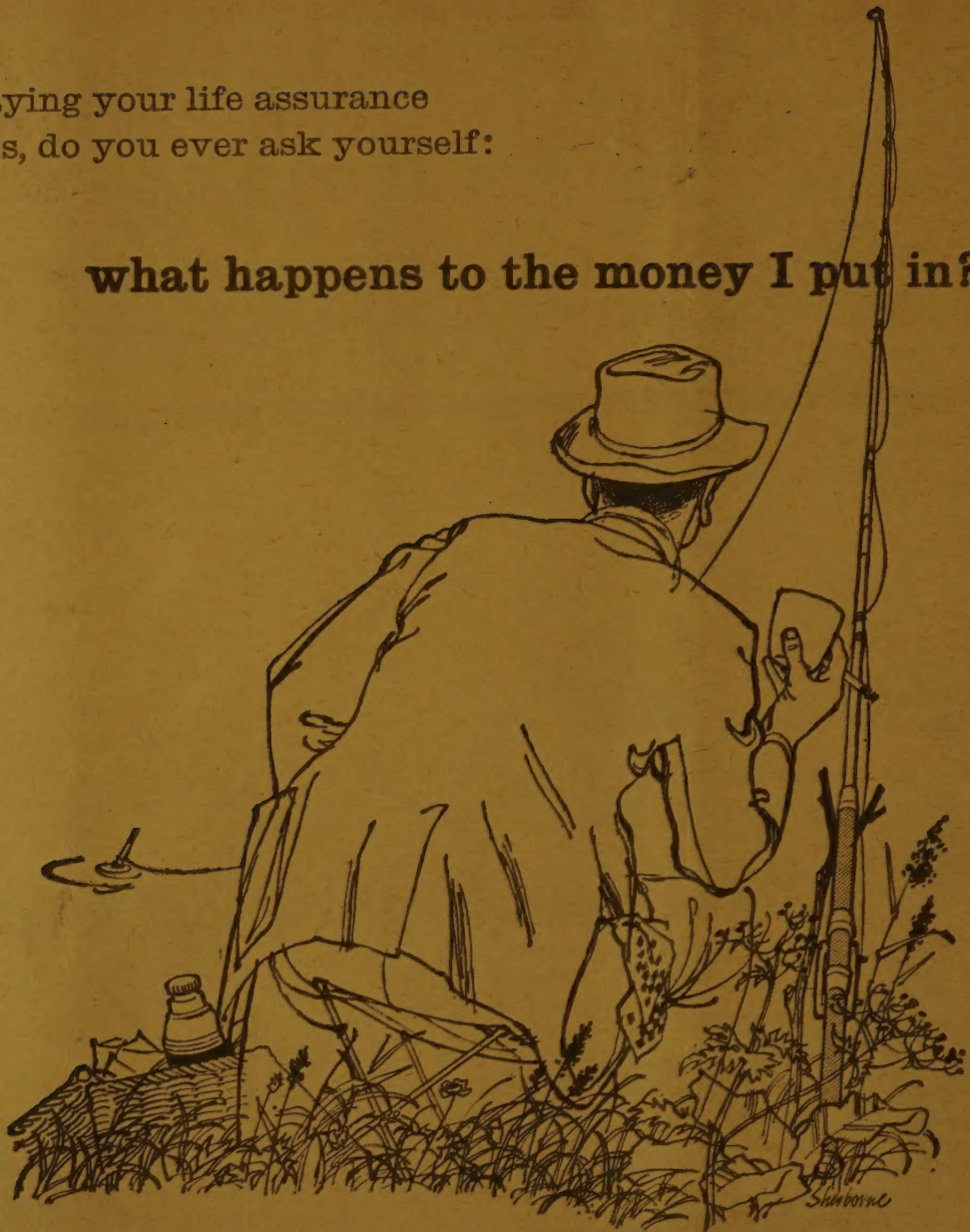
## The Last of the Horsemen

By Reginald L. Ottley



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# The Listener

Vol. LXIII. No. 1630

Thursday June 23 1960

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## In Praise of Political Apathy

By CHRISTOPHER MARTIN

ONE day a few weeks ago I went to record my vote in the borough council elections. I had read in the newspapers that the Home Secretary was appealing for a poll higher than the usual 40 per cent., and this moved me to go back to my home in the country and vote. My flat-mates were rather amused at this touching devotion to the details of our democratic system. Anyway, I got home, read the election addresses of the two candidates who had bothered to send them to me, and voted for the third. He was a young schoolmaster and sounded hopeful.

You may say that this is an improperly casual approach to the ballot box. Surely the health of our democratic system depends upon the concerned and intelligent participation of the electorate, and once they get slack about exercising their proper functions, then the whole system is in jeopardy. But in that case the system is in jeopardy already, since in spite of Mr. Butler's appeal rather more than half the electorate did not bother to vote.

Yet we would be prepared to say that on the whole our borough council system—to stick to the example I have selected—works tolerably well. There may be occasional cases of malpractice or glaring scandals to fill the Sunday newspapers. But the vast majority of those who serve the community in this way are generous and energetic citizens; and the system apparently does not suffer because less than half of us go to the polls.

We recognize this, but still have the nagging feeling that somehow the system would be much more effective if only everybody took a more active interest. Why do we feel like this? Are we right to do so? These are the questions I now want to discuss. If the answer to the first question sounds obvious—'Because we believe in representative democracy'—then the

second one will sound improper, almost subversive. But I do not think that it is as simple as this. Certainly we believe in representative democracy, and indeed we spend an enormous proportion of our time and our thought and our money and our energy defending it against the pressure of its main world rival, which is communism. Statesmen constantly remind us that this struggle is now not primarily a military one, or a diplomatic one, or even an economic one, but above all an ideological warfare in which we are totally engaged.

A recent and compelling definition of ideology, one that has been widely circulated, is that it is 'an idea that dominates the whole of a person—his motives, his living and his thinking so that he fights with a strategy to get everybody else to live the same way'. Applied to our picture of the dedicated Communist, this seems accurate enough. We are therefore encouraged to think that only by constructing a superior ideology, and then subscribing to it wholeheartedly, can we hope in the long run to prevail. We accordingly look round for the elements out of which such an ideology can be constructed. What we find most nearly to hand is our representative system of government, which seems potentially to have in it the germ of an ideology. For the idea that everybody, by voting, by exercising his decision, takes part in the government of the community, appears to provide a coherent and positive answer to the democratic centralism which is at the core of the Communist system. Already, therefore, it seems vital to this democratic ideology that we are constructing, that everybody should play as active a part as he can in the process of government. The idleness of voters on borough council election days therefore appears lamentable, if not disastrous.

Then we look further into our system, and find other activities



in which the general public can co-operate. There is the Piccadilly Circus affair, about which we may well feel that every Englishman, or every Londoner at least, should be able to express himself. There is the Aldermaston march and the South African boycott, which, whatever our views, we look upon as symptoms of a healthy democracy. Then up and down the country there are always public inquiries, about the scheduled change of the use of the local hospital, or the proposed construction of an oil pipe-line, each providing a splendid opportunity for the democratic spirit to manifest itself.

### A Lesson from 'Saki'

These, then, are the sorts of things we mention when we uphold the excellence of our democratic system. The logic of our argument leads us to assume that the more of such activity there is, the more buoyant our democracy. The more people vote, the more they march, the more they protest and petition, we find ourselves saying, the nearer we approach to a vital democracy, whose ideology can sweep and convince the uncommitted nations of the world. There is a short story of 'Saki's' which we might at this point well re-read. Written at the height of the suffragette movement, when railings were at a premium and the Derby a dice with death, it describes the ingenious solution of a Prime Minister who gave women the vote and then insisted that they had to use it. Ladies came trailing back from the Riviera for the municipal elections, house-parties had to be brokep up for the parish council polls, until in the end even the most ardent campaigners began sighing for the good old days.

The point is not irrelevant now. However much we may publicly uphold an activist democracy, and say that only by increasing public fervour for its workings can we produce an ideology superior to communism, do we not in fact rather feel that the thing works none the worse for the lackadaisical way in which we treat it? We can appreciate the value of having pressure-groups, to campaign against the bomb or for the commonwealth or for the democratic system, or whatever it may be. We can and should appreciate that, because therein lies our vital distinction from totalitarian régimes. But to say that more people should be more interested, when they are not, is not a proper attitude for a democracy to demand.

For there can indeed be no ideology of democracy. Democracy as a political concept is not and should not be 'an idea that dominates the whole of a person, his motives, his living and his thinking'. Its whole virtue is that it does not expect to dominate. Certainly we are all involved in it, and we are all in various ways affected in our capacity as citizens; so that whether or not we vote, for example, the system assumes that we have done. At the same time, it would be thoroughly misleading to think of it as an ideology, since it recognizes that the greater part of a citizen's absorption will properly be given over to private interests and concerns, about which democracy, neither in principle nor in practice, can have anything to say. The fact, for instance, that people spend Saturday afternoons at Lord's or in their back gardens, or even on the Brighton road, rather than attending a political meeting of some sort, is not something we deplore.

### Freedom of Expression

Yet this is what we let ourselves in for when we say that the excellence of our system depends upon the active support of the whole electorate, and when we complain that not enough people take a sufficiently keen interest in political affairs. If democracy can only combat communism by imitating its drearier procedures, all its induced enthusiasms for political concerns, then it is a poor outlook for democracy.

The same is true of our culture. When we laugh at the tasteless absurdities of Socialist Realism in Russia, we forget how essential it is for an ideology that all creative activity should be subordinated to its ends. For our own culture we value freedom of expression; and if we are appalled at its anti-social tendencies, not only in the 'beatniks' and the 'angries' but in all the developments that have sprung from the war-time French existentialists and whose best witness is still Camus's *The Myth of Sisyphus*, we need at the same time to remember their positive contribution. It is that certain values—friendship, love, and so on, values irrelevant to the organization of society—are important.

The point has been cosily put for us by C. S. Lewis in *The Four Loves*, and serves to establish what is after all the essential truth, that any political system is only valuable in so far as it makes the good life possible.

Here, if anywhere, lies our superiority to the Communist ideology. We regularly describe that superiority by saying that we in the West have a greater regard for the individual; we say this *tout court*, as if the statement needed no amplification, but it does in itself, once more carefully considered, give the most compelling reason of all for not seeking an ideology of democracy. For just as in modern physics the notion of energy and of the primacy of relationships has replaced the old idea of the indestructible identity of bits of atomic matter, so in an ideology that is based on the philosophy of materialism it is no longer possible to look upon individuals as of value in themselves, but only as acquiring value by their absorption in the life of the community. This is what Marx meant when he said that 'the consciousness of man does not determine his being, but, on the contrary, his social being determines his consciousness'.

Let us now, therefore, reconsider the original two questions. The first was: why do we feel that democracy would be more effective if only everybody took a more active interest? The answer would appear to be that we think we ought to be able to offer a superior ideology to the menacing ideology of communism. We can perhaps now see that this is a vain and misleading anxiety, since in fact the excellence of our system is that it cannot be reduced into an ideology. At times in our recent history, certainly, it has lent itself to ideological treatment. Take the frantic attempts at abolishing the House of Lords, or the age barrier of sixteen for the G.C.E. O-level, or the early faith in blueprint nationalization. These were attempts to infuse our democratic system with an ideology, the ideology of Egalitarianism, which said that people must be equal, whether they are or not.

### Idealist Outburst

There is room in our system for such outbursts of idealism. The function of the left, you might say, is to supply them, and its present malaise is that it cannot find one to supply. The most coherent attempt to find one recently has been Richard Crossman's pamphlet, *Labour in the Affluent Society*. His argument is based on the assumption that in ten years' time the Russian economy will effectively overwhelm ours; and that if democracy in Britain is to present itself to the uncommitted nations as an attractive alternative to communism, we need the co-ordination of socialism to rescue our democracy from what he calls 'the emergence of a modern feudalism' in which the big combines, the oligopolists, play the part of the barons. This, coupled with his complaint that 'since the war we have watched a dreary process by which the House of Commons has gradually been deprived of effective authority', provides an excessively gloomy picture of our polity. It insists unduly upon the vigorous conduct of our democratic procedures as the sole test of the well-being of our society. Excessive attention to the rigmarole of democracy is at present the prerogative of Japan. The value of such enthusiastic remedies lies in their being subordinated to the system as a whole, and when they attempt to superimpose themselves upon it, as in the present quest for an ideology of democracy, they only succeed in mummifying what they purport to invigorate.

Consequently, when we come to the second question, whether we are right to despair of contemporary apathy, the answer is certainly not an unqualified 'yes'. Lord Samuel once said of the House of Lords that it was 'the only institution in the world which is kept going by the persistent absenteeism of the great majority of its members'. Something similar might fairly be said of our system as a whole. When we make a fetish of our democratic procedures, as in our exalted moments we are inclined to do, and thereby imply an ideology of democracy, we are losing our sense of proportion. The excellence of our system lies in its incompleteness, its refusal to dominate, and its incapacity for doing so. Politics is properly an obsession only in emergent societies, whether Chartist England or contemporary Africa. In an affluent society, such as ours, it properly takes its place as only one among a lot of possible interests.—*Third Programme*





Mr. Eisenhower driving through Manila on June 14 with Mr. Carlos Garcia, President of the Philippines, during the U.S. President's far eastern tour

## The Japanese and Mr. Eisenhower's Visit

By IAN DUNLOP

**W**HEN Mr. Kishi's Government decided, after a night of student rioting outside the parliament building, to put off President Eisenhower's visit to Japan, it was bowing—much too late—to what had been obvious to most Japanese for a long time: that the existence of a few thousand fanatical students, who would clearly stop at nothing, created a situation where it would have been gambling with President Eisenhower's safety if it had gone through with its plan for his visit.

As such, it was clearly the right, indeed the only possible, decision. But it could not have been more badly timed. It was made less than seventy-two hours before President Eisenhower was due to arrive; and by making it immediately after an outbreak of savage rioting, the Government put itself in the position of surrendering to lawless mobs, representing no one but themselves.

Nevertheless, now that the decision has been made, it has helped to clear the air. Many Japanese feel frankly relieved. The consequences—had any harm come to President Eisenhower during his visit—would have been too dreadful to contemplate. It is difficult to see how, as many people contend, the decision to postpone the visit in itself has really done any substantial harm to Japan's relations with the United States. The damage has already been done by the headlines round the world about 'Massive Demonstrations' and 'Rioting in the Streets of Tokyo' against Japan's new security treaty with the United States. Some people abroad, particularly in the United States, seemed to have gained the impression from the recent turbulent events in Japan that this country is now going through a wild orgy of anti-Americanism, and is in danger of slipping into the waiting arms of the Communists. Nothing could be further from the truth. All that the rioting outside parliament actually proved was that the *kamikaze* spirit is still alive, but with different motives, among a few thousands of Japan's young hot-heads; and that Japan's police force today, largely as a result of the American Democratic reforms after the war, is inadequate to deal with any really determined group of trouble-makers. These trouble-makers, who belong to a military ultra-left-wing student association called Zen-

gakuren, are so extremist that they have even been expelled by the Communist Party; and, as recent events have shown, they are prepared to go to any lengths to upset the existing political and social order. This tiny minority of fanatics has already done the damage—they have managed to create an exaggerated impression abroad, particularly in the United States, of the turbulence in Japan over the new security treaty.

The first effects are already beginning to be felt. Some American buyers have already cancelled contracts for Japanese goods. This may be a portent of the shape of things to come if the Government allows the situation to get any further out of hand. But both the United States and Japan are much too important to each other—on the one side for strategic, and on the other for economic, reasons—that here self-interest alone makes it improbable that either country will permit the new disenchantment over Japan's place in the anti-Communist alliance to reach the point where relations will be seriously affected. The recent events in Japan, in fact, may have served one useful purpose: in helping to disillusion the Americans about the extent to which the Japanese feel committed to the American side in world events.

Japan today is probably the most determinedly pacifist country in the world, thanks largely to Hiroshima. While most Japanese accept the necessity of allying their country to the United States for defence, they are not enthusiastic about a military pact which, they feel, makes them a special target for Mr. Khrushchev's rockets. Perhaps the most dangerous element in the present situation is the Japanese tendency to give the extremists and the hot-heads too long a rein. It happened in the nineteen-thirties, when young extremists in the army decided to take the law into their own hands. The subsequent events are familiar to everyone.

The danger now is that the extremists of the left, made bolder by what they regard as their victory in forcing the postponement of Mr. Eisenhower's visit, may provoke a reaction from the extremists of the right, who are now raising their heads for the first time. Parliamentary democracy in Japan is still young and vulnerable. It has received a severe buffeting in the past few weeks. It looks as if it must prepare for more storms ahead.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)



# The Yugoslavs and the 'Summit' Failure

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

I HAVE been staying in Belgrade, spending most of my time talking politics; usually out in the open-air, under the shadow of old trees, with a glass of wine or a cup of Turkish coffee in my hand.

One afternoon, two or three days after my arrival, I had been discussing with a Yugoslav friend the attitudes of the Great Powers and the reasons for the failure of the 'summit' conference, and the conversation took much the same turn as it might have done in Vienna, or in Paris, or in Copenhagen. Then, suddenly, the sequence of my thoughts was shattered. 'Objectively', my friend said, 'the Americans are responsible for what happened in Paris'. What shocked me was the use of that word 'objectively'. It is the sort of word the Marxist theologians use. It plunged our conversation, for the first time, into the ocean of Marxist polemics.

The use of these special words calls attention to one of the difficulties that faces the visitor to Yugoslavia. You find it so easy to agree with people, you find them so frank and so forthcoming and so willing to see the other man's point of view, that you soon begin to feel you are among friends, with the same sort of political institutions and political ideas as in Western Europe. Then, suddenly, you come face to face with an altogether different ideology.

While we must take this different political ideology fully into account in all our dealings with the Yugoslav authorities, there is no reason why it should prevent some kind of co-operation between the foreign policy of the Yugoslav Government and that of the Western Powers. At the moment people in Belgrade are in special sympathy with the views and policies of the British Government. They have the greatest admiration for Mr. Macmillan's attempts to improve East-West relations. They regard him as the only Western leader who realizes the significance of the new currents in the Soviet Union, and they much regret that his efforts to come to some preliminary understanding with Mr. Khrushchev were brought to a full stop at the Paris conference. As the Yugoslavs see it, it is not only in Russian foreign policy that there are two distinct and contradictory trends

—one in the direction of peaceful coexistence, the other in the direction of a new Cold War. They believe that the same trends exist in the United States, and they now think that the elements that are in favour of a return to the Cold War have gained the upper hand, at least for the time being.

The chief American spokesman, they say, had made it plain for some months that Mr. Khrushchev could not expect to get anything at all out of the Western Powers at the 'summit' conference. It was in that mood that President Eisenhower arrived in Paris. And the Russians, inevitably, reacted stiffly. But the Yugoslavs are much less interested in an inquest into the causes of the failure of the Paris conference than in considering the future. They are asking, above all, what should be done in the period of grace—the six to eight months that Mr. Khrushchev has allowed us. If, in that time, there is any progress at the conference to end nuclear tests, or if something hopeful develops out of the disarmament talks, then all is well. But if these two conferences just mark time—or, worse still, end in failure—and nothing whatever is done in any other field to improve relations, is there not then the risk that Mr. Khrushchev may revert once again to his dangerous policy of intimidation over Berlin? And that, of course, would mean an international crisis.

So the problem, as people see it from Belgrade, is to get the machinery of international negotiation into working order again, and, above all, to persuade the United States and the Soviet Union that nothing whatever is to be gained by remaining in a posture of righteous indignation. It is thought that Yugoslavia, and other uncommitted nations, could make themselves particularly useful in this connexion. What is certain is that the Yugoslavs would prefer these East-West differences to be discussed within the framework of the United Nations. They do not like the thought of turning international problems over to the four Great Powers for settlement. They want to widen the discussions, and to ensure that those countries that stand apart from the great alliances now dividing the world should play a greater part in future negotiations.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

## Nationalism in the Modern World

# The Consequences of Nationalism

By F. H. HINSLEY

SUCH a subject as the consequences of nationalism presents a particularly difficult problem. The question of causation in history has logical and philosophical aspects which have led some people to doubt whether we can speak of anything as causing anything else, as having consequences. Leaving that aside, it is still doubtful whether we can talk about the consequences of such a thing as nationalism.

If we do accept the notion of causation in history we must agree that there are different kinds of cause. For the purposes of this argument let us say that three different kinds are generally used. I can illustrate them by the simple case of the causes of the first world war. On the level of immediate and concrete causes we can say that the war was caused by the policies of Austria or Russia, of Germany or France, or of all the participating Powers; and at this level historians can reach a good deal of agreement, if not without difficulty. At the basic or elemental level we can say that it was caused by, for example, the fact that political groups always rival each other and that their rivalry

sometimes leads to war. There is something inescapable and concrete, if not very enlightening, about that. Or, thirdly, we can say, as that student said who was quoted in an earlier talk\*, that the war was caused by 'imperialism, militarism and, of course, nationalism'. But here we are on different ground; and the difference about it is that these terms—imperialism, militarism, nationalism—are synthetic, abstract. They may stand for real forces that can profitably be regarded as causes of the war, but I suspect that they do not.

I suggest, in fact, that the search for causes should be confined to the two extremes of the immediate and the elemental. Whenever so-called 'causes' are invoked that are not solid, graspable things like people and the actions of people, or solid, graspable things like the fact of rivalry and struggle—whenever we fall back on general notions or trends to which we attach short-hand labels, then they are probably not the causes of war or of anything else. They are more likely to be symptomatic: symptomatic of real forces and developments, and also of our

\* 'The Cradle of Nationalism', by Maurice Shock: THE LISTENER, May 19



tendency to use short-hand labels not only for convenience but also from intellectual laziness.

Nationalism is a particularly good example of this kind of general or generalized notion. It is frequently quoted as the cause or explanation of many things, and not merely of war. We think of it (on the credit side) as contributing to political unity and healthy institutional development within communities; to independence for political communities; to a valuable variety of customs, culture, and behaviour between political communities. We think of it (on the debit side) as being one of the causes of war; of unhealthy international struggle; of militarism and unnecessarily large armaments; of culturally impoverishing things like xenophobia and chauvinism. We even think of it as some kind of autonomous force that has degenerated from its good days, when it was called nationality, to its bad days, when we call it nazism or racialism or imperialism. But the more we understand what nationalism is the less can we be satisfied that it is an autonomous force of this kind. And the more we study how it has manifested itself the less does it look like the cause of any of the things, good or bad, that are attributed to it.

### The Changing Political Group

Men have an in-built need for identification with, and obligation to, an all-pervasive group, a political group. They have always had it and they always will have it: it is one of the basic things. But the nature of the group can change with changing circumstances. Given certain developments, the group has become and will become a nation—as opposed to family or tribe, province or pre-nation state or empire. The objectives of the political group remain essentially the same whatever the nature of the group. This is another basic thing. But ways and means of seeking these objectives change with circumstances. We use the term nationalism primarily to sum up men's ways of thought and behaviour in pursuing their objectives at that stage when their natural political group is the nation. This is why we can speak of nationalism as being 400 years old in some places, as being 200 or 50 or 15 years old in others. The circumstances and developments that make the nation the appropriate political group congeal together in different places at different times. But this is also why we are hard put to it to define the nation, why we cannot define the objectives of nationalism as such, and why, as I think, we cannot profitably talk of nationalism as having consequences.

The nation is a procrustean thing. No single element that might seem basic to its conception has in fact proved anywhere indispensable to it—neither race, nor geography, nor language, nor religion, nor culture—and a nation can arise equally from a long history of being unified and from a long history of being dis-unified. Why is this? Because the developments that make the nation the appropriate political group do not only congeal together in different places at different times: whenever they congeal together they do so in a different historical and existing situation. The nation is whatever all the past history and all the present circumstances of a group dictate at the time it begins to think of itself as a nation. All nations do, indeed, have something in common. But the common feature is only the fact that the groups that form them have reached this stage: only the fact that they have become nations, in their different circumstances and at different times, but under the influence of some, though not necessarily all, of the many general developments that can affect all societies—developments like the growth of government, of communications, of urbanization, of popular if not democratic politics.

### Common Search for Security and Power

The objectives of nationalism, similarly, have everywhere something in common. What is common to them is what, as I have already said, the nation group shares with political groups which are not nations—with the tribe or the empire. This is the search for security and power. But just as the ways and means of seeking these objectives differ as between the nation and the group that is not a nation, so do they differ as between nations and nationalisms. They differ from place to place at the same

time: compare, for example, twentieth-century Japan with twentieth-century Africa. But they differ also from time to time in the same place—as, for example, in Western Europe in the early twentieth century as compared with Western Europe in the early nineteenth century. They differ because the circumstances, and thus the translation of the general objectives into concrete objectives, differ from place to place and from time to time. Nationalism seeks whatever all present circumstances, including historical circumstances, lead a nation to think is necessary for its security and power. We should no more expect to be able to define the precise or concrete objectives of nationalism as such than to be able to define the nation.

What, then, can we say about the effects of the nation and the consequences of nationalism? The answer follows, I think, from what has been said. We should not think of nations as being good things because they have engendered a valuable variety of cultures, customs and institutions. It is the variety of cultures, customs and institutions that has engendered nations. We should not put it to the nation's credit that it is the natural political unit for mankind. It is the natural political unit only in certain circumstances and at a certain stage in the development of political groups. It may well prove to be the ultimate unit also, to which some few parts of the world have still not attained. But we should not be too sure that this is so. There are some parts of the world, notably China and Russia, about which it is difficult to know whether they have not yet achieved the nation stage or have by-passed it and are going beyond it. Now that the days of the family and the tribe as viable political units are passed, the separate state and the rivalry of separate states may well be universal and may well last for ever. It is less certain that all states will always in future be nations.

### Illusions about Nationalism

In the same way we should not think of nationalism as being in itself a movement or a force for evil. It is a neutral thing; it is the accent or mode of expression adopted in the nation-stage by developments and forces which would still have expressed themselves, though in other accents, if there had not been a nation-stage. Some of these developments and forces are basic and permanent. The urge to rivalry and conquest existed before nations existed and will exist after they have gone, if they go. Other developments, though less permanent, have still been, unlike nationalism, real forces. I am thinking of such things as the enormous increase that has taken place in the last hundred years in the power and resources for destruction at the disposal of men and states. This increase, if we may take it as an example, coincided with the nation-stage, at least in Europe. We may say without much hesitation that it helped to bring on the nation-stage. What we cannot say is that it was helped forward by the nation or nationalism. The coincidence creates the illusion that the nation, even if it is but a stage in the evolution of political groups, has still proved a more dangerous political group than, say, the earlier pre-nation state. But this is an illusion. States of a medieval type with all that power would have proved just as dangerous as nations—if they could have remained medieval with all that power.

It is similarly an illusion that nationalism is something that has degenerated from, say, early nineteenth-century nationality to twentieth-century nazism, and that it caused international relations to deteriorate in the process. What happened was that international relations deteriorated and that, in that process, nationalism, reflecting changing circumstances, degenerated too. International relations deteriorated, chiefly after 1890, partly because of that increase in power, beyond the dreams of avarice, to which I have referred. But they deteriorated primarily because the increase took place at disproportionate rates and at different times in the different states of Europe and the different parts of the world. The resulting disequilibrium of power, which was greater than any the world had previously experienced, inflated basic fears and ambitions and distorted the actual policies of the Great Powers: this is what caused the first world war.

But that is another story. We must end where we began, with nationalism a non-starter among the causes of the conflict, as among the causes of anything else.—*General Overseas Service*



# The Listener

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## The Busy Tutor

THE article entitled 'Pressure at Eighteen-plus' by Mr. Michael Young (which was an abridgment of a broadcast in the Third Programme) published in THE LISTENER on June 2 has provoked a lively discussion in our correspondence columns. Some of our correspondents seem to suggest that the problem does not exist, that all the bright children get into the university anyway, and that the best of them go to Oxbridge, and good luck to them. If there is any blame for the state of affairs, then the dons blame the schoolmasters and the schoolmasters blame the dons. But, on the whole, the suggestion is that everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. The headmaster of a grammar school knows what the electorate wants, and it is not an egalitarian educational system. Oxford and Cambridge, we are told, are 'virtually classless institutions': Oxford today carries no social cachet. 'There is no comparison', another correspondent informs us, 'between Oxford and Cambridge and what passes as a university in other countries'. Gad, sir, British is best: get up your strength with a cup of Oxbridge.

Meanwhile another university problem has cropped up. When schoolboys have jumped their easy hurdles and entered Oxford or Cambridge, let them shed a tear for the over-worked tutors. Mr. Anthony Quinton, who is a Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford, Domestic Bursar and Dean of Arts, and University Lecturer in Philosophy, has found time to express his views on this subject. To the outsider of course nothing sounds more pleasant than being a don at Oxford or Cambridge: the lovely rooms, the sherry parties, the walks by the Backs or by the Cherwell, the three terms of only eight weeks each, the witty conversations at the high tables, the chance to teach the cream of youth from the schools, and to do research in the finest of libraries—what more can a teacher ask of life? However, Mr. Quinton maintains that too much tutoring has to be done, at any rate in the arts subjects, and that the lecturing system is 'riotously inconsequential'. Is it not better, it is suggested (in a different letter also in *The Oxford Magazine*) to be employed at a Redbrick university where 'the teaching load' can be crammed into three days, leaving the rest of the week for other things?

The central problem, one supposes, at all universities is how satisfactorily to combine teaching and research and, to a lesser extent, administration (it is at least theoretically possible to leave administration to administrators). The state, no doubt, expects teachers to teach rather than to research. But teaching can become boring; and certainly the standard of lecturing at some universities (even Oxbridge) can be low. If the suggestion that Oxford and Cambridge should one day become primarily a centre of graduate studies were followed, this difficulty might not arise, since teachers from other universities might go there periodically to pursue research, and the staff there be confined to the supervision of research and advanced lecturing. Meanwhile one notes that Oxford is faced with a new crisis. A former university registrar tells us that the decision will soon have to be taken whether Oxford remains a university city or the centre of 'a huge industrial conurbation'. So the future brings its problems to universities; things will not remain the same forever; changes must come; the dust will not settle; heads may roll; but life will go on.

## What They Are Saying

Shoppers and holiday-makers in Russia

RUSSIAN BROADCASTERS continue to emphasize the availability of new, attractive consumer goods in the Soviet Union. A Moscow home service transmission announced the opening of 'a large general store for the newly married':

It will have a department called 'Everything for the bride', and another 'Everything for the bridegroom'. Wedding presents will be sold in a central hall. Five of Moscow's best workshops will work for the new store; they will take five to seven days to make clothes ordered by customers. The store will also book seats at restaurants for wedding parties, take photographs of the newly married couple, take orders for the hire of household goods and motor cars, get boat tickets for honeymoon trips, order taxis, and sell presents on hire purchase.

Other Moscow home service broadcasts have discussed the increased production of automatic slot-machines for supplying soda-water and bread and rolls. The latter, said the commentator, could also be used for supplying such things as ties, socks, and handkerchiefs. A cooker which could be run on electricity and on solid and liquid fuel, and which was thermostatically controlled, was being produced in hundreds in Kharkov and Kiev. Centres for hiring cars, cameras, musical instruments and washing machines had been established in Moscow and other big cities. Sixty thousand Muscovites who were in possession of driving licences might hire a Pobeda, Volga, or Moskvich car from a hire-centre recently set up.

A Moscow broadcast in English seemed to be interested in commending Russian-manufactured perfumes to buyers abroad in south-east Asia:

The Novaya Zarya perfume factory in Moscow has a new cologne-type perfume, lilies of the valley, and also colognes with lilac, carnation, and other perfumes. Some of the factory's new perfumes are called International Women's Day, May Day Greeting, Festival, and Evening Dream. The old favourites, Red Moscow, Queen of Spades, and Pearl, are still being widely exported.

Moscow home service, quoting reports in the newspapers *Trud* and *Pravda* which described the improved and expanding amenities for workers' summer holidays, said that unlike the capitalist countries, in the Soviet Union the working man had every facility for rest and treatment, such as paid annual leave and vouchers to health centres at the expense of the state social security. The network of out-of-town leisure centres—boarding houses, tourist camps, boating stations, and places where cultural and sports equipment could be hired—had been considerably expanded. An official of the Crimean town, Simferopol, had said that last year 1,300,000 holiday-makers visited the Crimea; this year the number was expected to rise to 1,500,000. Simferopol was at the cross-roads for all the other spas. An excellent new hotel with a restaurant had been opened in the centre of the town. There were 120 buses a day to Yalta and other towns at the seaside. The most interesting development was the trolley-buses. Trolley-buses travelled every hour. The Simferopol airport could now be used by TU-104, AN-10 and other large passenger aircraft. It had become quite usual to travel to the south coast of the Crimea by helicopter. Soon helicopters would land in the grounds of sanatoria.

Moscow, in English and French for Africa, attacked the activities of the World Bank which it said constituted 'the method of whip and cake':

The financial conditions for the loans granted by the World Bank are very hard. It demands 5½-6 per cent. annual interest. The bank loans can be paid back only in dollars or in any other freely circulating currency. This makes additional difficulties. Only 12 per cent. is allocated to the development of industries. While the prices for American goods are as a rule higher than for goods sold by other countries, more than 80 per cent. of the whole credits from the Bank by the end of 1959 was spent on payments to the U.S.A. for goods and services.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON



# Did You Hear That?

## CHINESE SHADOW PLAYS

A MOST UNUSUAL feature of this year's York Festival (which continues until July 3) is Mr. Max Buhrmann's production of scenes from Chinese shadow plays. This is believed to be the first professional production of shadow plays in this country. H. F. SIMON, lecturer in Chinese at London University, described the technique in a talk in the North of England Home Service.

'We do not know very much about the origins of Chinese shadow puppets', he said, 'but there are one or two references to them by authors who wrote in the eleventh and twelfth century. One such author describes life in the then Chinese capital and says: "There are people who perform with shadow puppets. These puppets are cut out of leather and are then coloured. The stories they tell are much the same as those of the story-tellers who tell tales from history".'

'As far as the puppets themselves are concerned, what he wrote then is still true today. When you go to a shadow play you will see delicate and gaily coloured silhouettes that move gracefully behind a screen. In China the light that casts these silhouettes would probably come from an oil lamp suspended behind the screen. The puppets are about a foot and a half tall. There are joints which allow free movement at the wrists, the elbows, the arms, the waist, and the legs. They are moved by a bamboo stick attached to the neck of the puppet and by two smaller sticks attached to the hands. The puppeteer stands behind the puppet and will not, of course, be seen by the audience; but the arm-sticks throw a shadow on to the screen. It is the mark of a skilful puppeteer to make one forget that they are there at all.

'The puppets are still made of thin and translucent leather. This is beautifully stencilled and coloured to represent hundreds of different faces and countless styles of dress and headgear. Dress and headgear indicate the character's station in life—black hats and jade belts for high officials, imperial hats and dragon-embroidered gowns for emperors, elaborate hair ornaments and embroidered dresses for ladies of the court and courtesans, and plain blue or black jackets and trousers for ordinary folk. Women have very small feet and men wear large padded boots.

'The faces show the puppets' ages and characters—white beards and wrinkles for old age, black beards to show maturity, and beardless faces to show youth. Some of the puppets' faces also have elaborate designs in colour. These are carefully copied from the traditional face-painting designs of the Chinese stage.

'The story-tellers to whom the puppets owed their existence still tell their stories in the market places of China today, but the puppets, when they do perform—and performances are rare nowadays—have their own adaptations of traditional Chinese operas. And even in Communist China these operas are still the most popular form of entertainment. The puppets are to the opera what our cinema is to the legitimate stage. Indeed



'Taking an inside berth: it strikes me we're going to have some rough weather': a print of 1845

the Chinese word for "film" is the equivalent of "electric shadow".

'There is really no tradition of realism on the Chinese stage. One goes to the opera, and also to a shadow play, to watch a performance—to watch the player rather than the play—and the actor is singer, ballet dancer, acrobat, and actor all in one'.

## PANACHE AND SWAGGER

'There has never been any vehicle to equal the genuine stage-coach for sheer grace and panache', said JOHN McDONNELL in 'The Northcountryman at Large'. 'And their names are as dashing as themselves—the Comet, the Courier, Tally-ho and Tantivy, True Blue and Waterwitch, Rockingham and Royal Forester, the Hero, Hope, and Highflyer, the Merry Wakefield and the Phenomena. There is a fascination, too, in the sound of the "yard of tin" as they called the long horns, the clatter and hubbub of the coaching inns, and above all the swagger and Sam Weller-ish repartee of the post-boys—that race of legendary supermen.

'Nobody ever seems to have made a film or a novel about post-boys. There is a book about Yorkshire coaching days alone, written by Tom Bradley not long after the last stage-coach went off the road for good, which has enough material about post-boys for half-a-dozen film scripts. Each "boy" had charge of four horses. Whenever anybody travelling post—maybe a cabinet minister, maybe a runaway couple heading for Gretna Green—arrived at his posting-house, day or night, the post-boy "put to" his horses in place of the tired team, rode with them to the next stage, and then brought his team back.

'"They were rum-looking customers", says Bradley of the post-boys, "with shrivelled-up figures, quaint, wrinkled faces, and a quiet knowing eye, the body stooping forward, and a constant drooping at the knee, as though



'Remember the post-boy, your honour'

By courtesy of W. T. Spencer



they were still in the saddle". But their uniform was striking enough—a short jacket of bright yellow or red or blue, with quantities of silver braid and double rows of buttons, a brilliantly striped "weskit" underneath, white cord breeches, yellow-topped boots, as elaborate a cravat as any of Beau Brummell's, and the distinctive, stove-pipe top, either white or black. They had to provide this get-up out of their own pockets, and like some hotel



Left: an Elizabethan musical wall clock with a carillon of thirteen bells, and (above) an early brass lantern clock, circa 1630: both from the Ilbert collection of clocks and watches on exhibition at the British Museum

commissionaires today they received no wages but relied entirely on tips from their customers—which did not prevent some of the careful ones from living to a ripe and prosperous old age and leaving £1,000 or so behind them'.

## TICK-TOCK

Describing in 'The Eye-witness' an exhibition of clocks at the British Museum DOUGLAS BROWN, B.B.C. reporter, said: 'Most of the clocks and watches in this exhibition come from the Ilbert collection, which in 1958 was obtained for the nation. Courtenay Ilbert of Chelsea began collecting clocks and watches when he was at Eton. It became a passion, and continued so throughout the years he was working as a civil engineer. When retirement came he travelled over Europe in search of rare items. Not only did he love his pieces, but he became an unrivalled expert who put into splendid mechanical condition all that he bought. Then came the time, after his death, when his collection was about to be sold, and at the eleventh hour, through much generosity, the British Museum obtained what is certainly the finest collection of its kind in the world. It is a pity, in a way, that there is not space for it all to be shown at one time, but the selection has been made with much discernment.

'One of the first items I noticed was a large table clock, made in this country about 150 years ago. Inside it is a small organ, complete with banks of pipes and bellows. It plays seven tunes—some with extraordinary titles such as "It warbles", "My dear", and "Oh Mammy!"

'One of the earliest domestic clocks was first heard chiming when Richard III or Henry VII was on the throne of England. It is an iron Gothic clock, made in Germany, driven by weights. Moving on in time towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth I I came upon a clock with a carillon of thirteen bells. As examples of later craftsmanship there were the lantern clocks—square, with an enormous bell on top; then the arrival of the pendulum at the end of the seventeenth century. Still later came clocks driven by springs. The one I found most fun was a splendidly ornate

machine balanced on the backs of elephants, made in Britain for export to the Far East.

'The great beauty of so many of the exhibits cannot be described, but must be seen: the late sixteenth-century German watches with pierced gilt cases and steel mechanism, for example, or the delicacy and charm of the French enamelled watches. The watch I would like to possess is the English gold watch of about 1735, which not only tells the time, the day, the month, and the phase of the moon, but adds such titbits as whether it is Leap Year and gives round the edge the signs of the Zodiac. There is, too, a device for setting the watch by a sundial'.

## WATCHING A GREAT CHEF

'It was in the days', said FANNY CRADOCK, in 'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme), 'when millionaires and Russian Grand Dukes abounded that, as a small child, I was staying with my parents in a hotel at Nice. One morning, prowling in search of something to interest me, I chanced to pass a green-baize door at the moment a tray-laden waiter pushed it open with his foot.

'Through that opening I glimpsed an organized chaos beyond. Men in white working at huge, scrubbed tables; clouds of steam rising from giant stoves; brilliant, still-life pyramids of fish and fruit and vegetables. A moment more and I was inside that green-baize door, edging my way towards the centre of this culinary storm. The greatest chef I ever watched was waving above his head the mangled carcass of a fowl. "*Nom d'un nom d'un nom*", he was screaming at a terrified underling. "This is not boning a chicken—this is massacre..." He flung the fowl away, snatched up another, plucked a small, worn knife from the tape around his middle and, screaming "*Watch me, canaille*", he began paring back flesh from the bone, his hands performing an intricate ballet of movements as the carcass emerged and the flesh he needed for stuffing with *foie gras*, truffles, and minute quails was rolled back like a stocking. In a few moments it was all over.

'The *sous-chefs*, who had left their work to gather round and watch the master, fled back to their copper pots; and then it was my turn. What did I think I was doing, *hein*? What did I imagine happened to bad little girls who entered forbidden territory? And then, by some miracle, I was in his office, sitting on a high stool among the menus and the sugar *pièces montées*, sipping a glass of sweet port wine and nibbling a *marron glacé*.

'I often visited the kitchen after that. Sometimes I was lifted on to a shelf, high above the *toques blanches*, while the chef created something special. He was the only man I ever saw make more than 100 *pommes soufflées* without a single failure. I watched him make a *soufflé* and hand it over in all its puffed-up perfection for service fifteen minutes after it had been taken from the oven—a trick I have never shared with anyone, as yet. His speed was fantastic. He had inexhaustible patience with his work, and none with clumsy people.

'I saw him make so many things: a medieval fountain in ice, the centre column supported by four real entwined salmon, skinned and engraved with gold leaf over *chaudfroid* sauce; full-sized orange trees in tubs, edible from leaf to fruit to trunk; a cage in spun sugar filled with jewelled birds (the jewels were crystallized fruits). I followed the flight of his hands as a brace of peacocks were stripped of their feathers, boned, stuffed, roasted, carved, and then meticulously restored to their original shape, and sent to table on edible nests with every feather replaced'.





# The Institution and the Individual

By PETER TOWNSEND

**I**N the last few decades, and especially in the last fifteen years, our methods of caring for the sick, the mentally handicapped and subnormal, the old and infirm, and children deprived of a normal home life, have changed strikingly. We are moving away from a philosophy built on the principle of housing large numbers of these casualties in custodial institutions and have not yet found an alternative philosophy to put in its place. I shall describe briefly the broad changes that have occurred and go on to try to pose the dilemma with which we are now confronted. My main thesis is that as society advances in prosperity and becomes increasingly sensitive to the complex needs of the individual, the family and the community, the justification for retaining more than a few highly specialized institutions gradually disappears.

In their long and magnificent history of the English Poor Law, Sidney and Beatrice Webb frequently expressed exasperation at the resilience of the so-called general mixed workhouse. For several centuries the chief institutional provision in this country was, broadly speaking, a building in which the young and the old, the sick, the infirm, the blind and the mentally ill, the homeless and the destitute were all given asylum. In those days there must have seemed little alternative to the rather bleak institution. The provision had to be institutional because community services were few and far between, and because that was the neatest and most economical way of dealing with dire need. It had to be bleak because of the social conditions prevailing outside; a large proportion of the population lived in poverty. If the food, amenities, and services had been better, and if the staff had been kindly and sympathetic rather than repressive—so the argument seems to have gone—then too many people would have applied for admission and too many would have been inclined to stay there longer than necessary.

## Diminishing Role

With the passing of time the situation changed. The general mixed institution began to play a diminishing role. Developments in medicine led to demands for more institutions for various classes of sick persons, and there was further segregation of the mentally and chronically ill. The growth of the professions, of voluntary associations, and of local government produced small armies of physicians, officials, and social workers trained to treat special classes of the population in need. Institutions intended only for children or old people began to appear on the scene.

The process was a slow one, and even today we still have a number of hospitals and local-authority institutions housing a medley of people with different needs. But, broadly speaking, by the end of the last war the long battle for classification and specialization had been won. In 1948 the Poor Law was abandoned in name and to a large extent in practice, and the various hospital and other institutional services were rationalized. The history of the institution entered a new phase. For instance, in the hospital services increasing emphasis has been placed not on bigger and more numerous hospitals, with more beds, but on the more efficient use of the beds there are already. In the last ten years waiting lists have diminished and more people have been treated as in-patients. Yet the number of beds occupied has grown by only one in twenty. Periods of hospital stay have shortened and out-patient attendances have increased. The number of day-patients is also increasing quickly and, compared with the early post-war years, domiciliary health services have expanded considerably.

A number of new developments and experiments seem to augur changes of an even more dramatic kind. Hospitals are being built to entirely new design with small, intimate rooms for two, four, or six people, grouped in special treatment wards. A few mothers are being allowed to stay in hospital with their children, or to

care for them during the day. Unrestricted visiting is more frequently allowed and encouraged. In various ways, hospital patients are treated more like human beings. Attempts are being made to break up the large mental hospital into smaller units with partitioned wards, more furniture, social clubs, workshops, and facilities for working outside the hospital precincts. There are pioneering mental-health services at Worthing, Nottingham, Oldham, and elsewhere. At Worthing, for example, psychiatrists visit the homes of patients or see them at the hospital out-patient clinic; social workers deal with family problems; and physiotherapy and other treatment may be given at home, in the day clinics, or in the parent hospital. Four in five patients are treated as out-patients.

## Boarding Out Children

Such trends are not all confined to the health service. The care of children deprived of a normal home life has gradually taken a different shape. There are fewer large institutions for boys or girls only, and more small 'family'-type homes for children of both sexes, created on the principle of placing a small group of six to twelve children under the charge of a house-mother. At the same time there has been a big expansion in boarding out. Ten years ago a third of the children in the care of the local authorities in England and Wales were boarded out; today the proportion is nearly a half.

The trend is the same, though slower, for the infirm aged. Fewer of them are cared for in the big local-authority institutions and more in residential homes for between twenty and sixty persons. As with children, successive governments have regarded the 'home' as second-best, in principle at least, to maintaining the aged for as long as possible in private households, by the further expansion of domiciliary services. In some areas, such as Hampshire, Plymouth, Exeter, and Dorset, experiments in boarding out old people, and in providing special groups of bungalows and flatlets with a warden or housekeeper in charge, have been undertaken as an alternative to institutional care.

It would be wrong to exaggerate the speed and extent of all these changes. There are still many ugly institutions where conditions are grim and where administrative routines remain strangely unaffected by modern principles of humane management. For example, out-of-date buildings with cavernous dormitories containing thirty, forty, or even fifty iron-framed beds and little else are retained, where visiting hours are restricted and patients offered no opportunities of passing the day except by sitting in huge day-rooms. Again, some local authorities and voluntary bodies cling to large institutions for children and make little use of boarding-out.

## Care within the Community

Yet there is no doubt that two distinct changes are taking place in the social services and are gathering momentum. One is the transformation of the institution by making it more congenial and 'home-like' in its material conditions and by removing many of those characteristics which make it a self-contained entity remote from the outside community. The other is the shift in emphasis from caring for people in institutions towards caring for them in the community. If humanly possible, so it is argued, they should be kept at home.

How do we account for these changes? It is true that they seem to have been motivated partly by the mounting cost of the institution. The cost of caring for a person in hospital can now range from £7 to more than £30 a week and, the higher the cost, the more those in charge seem to look to the possibilities of keeping some people out of institutions or sending them home at the earliest opportunity. But cost is only part of the story. We are



now beginning to obtain new knowledge, by means of systematic research, of the effects on individuals of an institutional environment, particularly when they have been exposed to it for some months or years.

### Minimum of Privacy

To sum up this recent research would be a difficult task, but there appear to be certain general findings or observations, which are common to a number of studies of mental and other hospitals, and institutions for children and handicapped adults. These may be expressed broadly as follows: in the institution people live communally with a minimum of privacy, and yet their relationships with each other are slender; many subsist in a kind of defensive shell of isolation; their mobility is restricted, and they have little access to general society. Their social experiences are limited, and the staff lead a rather separate existence from them. They are subtly oriented towards a system in which they submit to orderly routine, lack creative occupation, and cannot exercise much self-determination. They are deprived of intimate family relationships, and can rarely find substitutes which seem to be more than a pale imitation of those enjoyed by most people in the general community.

The result for the individual seems to be a gradual process of depersonalization. He may become resigned and depressed and may display no interest in the future or in things not immediately personal. He sometimes becomes apathetic, talks little and lacks initiative. His personal habits and toilet may deteriorate. Occasionally he seems to withdraw into a private world of fantasy. In a recent study of 'institutional neurosis' Dr. Russell Barton even suggested that the mental patient adopts in time a characteristic posture, 'the hands held across the body or tucked behind an apron, the shoulders drooped, and the head held forward'. The gait also has 'a shuffling quality'. The causal process has not properly been disentangled but a number of investigators have argued that it is highly unlikely that individual reactions can be ascribed wholly to factors other than the institutional environment. In some of the smaller and more humanely administered institutions these various characteristics are less marked but still to be found. They have been noted in prisons, camps for prisoners-of-war and refugees, and approved schools.

Few studies have yet been made of the relationship between the way the individual behaves in the institution and the absence of family relationships, except in the case of children. Even here the research findings have been suggestive rather than conclusive. Dr. John Bowlby has vividly described evidence of the differences between young institutionalized children and those living in their own homes. And in a number of experiments, including a classic instance reported by Dorothy Burlingham and Anna Freud, children in residential nurseries and homes who were showing unmistakable signs of retarded development made dramatic improvements when they were divided into quasi-family groups of four with a 'substitute' mother to give them her undivided attention each day.

### The Child in the Family

The research in children's institutions has turned on a child's need for dependable love in a family. I suspect that, if understood in the wider sense of the need to give as well as receive affection and to perform reciprocal services within a family—or quasi-family—group, the same may be largely true for individuals of all ages. Recent sociological studies in Western society (following on from anthropological studies elsewhere) have begun to deepen our awareness of the importance to the individual of the family at all stages of his life. Within an organic unit of three generations, partly preserving its identity and independence on the basis of the recognition of biological attachment, the individual achieves a large measure of self-fulfilment, and can satisfy many psychological and social needs, first as a child, and later as adolescent, husband or wife, parent, and grandparent.

To a sociologist the absence of close relationships between the three generations is perhaps the most distinctive feature of institutional populations. In a sense the institutional community is one which is relatively closed and artificial. It is closed because it tends to be set apart from the rest of the community as a more-

or-less self-contained unit in buildings of an identifiable kind; and artificial because it is not a representative cross-section of the general community; it does not consist of people of both sexes and all ages, or people held together by a network of family, occupational, and neighbourhood ties. People have to be admitted from a wide area; they are usually strangers to each other, and their relatives have long distances to travel to see them merely to spend a few minutes conversing quietly in a public room. Although casual relationships may arise they are usually fragile because, unlike relationships between neighbours or members of a family, they may not last long and cannot be based securely on the reciprocation of services. In a three-generation family living at home a grandmother may prepare meals and look after grandchildren while, for her part, her daughter may do all the heavy washing and shopping. There are many complex arrangements of this kind. In an institution people often have the same disabilities so they cannot do very much for each other. Their behaviour, too, is necessarily overlaid by formal organization and routine. Even when they have the capacity to do many of the things ordinarily undertaken in the course of home life—such as cooking, repairing clothes, and gardening—institutionalized persons have little or no opportunity of exercising such skills.

### The Administrative Approach

Many authorities still discount these things and believe that most of the problems posed by the shortcomings of institutional care can be met by two main reforms: by classifying institutions more rigorously according to the different types of inmates and by creating better physical facilities and material comforts. Thus they would carry even further the present practice of placing children, young adults, the aged, and persons suffering from certain diseases or handicaps in separate types of institutions, sometimes subdividing them also according to sex. This approach may be clinically appropriate or administratively convenient, because trained personnel are scarce and equipment is expensive. But it may not assist the creation of real communities and may make the patients or residents psychologically more insecure.

Whatever its defects, the old Victorian workhouse reproduced a number of the characteristics of the normal community. Some, at least, of the children were able to remain with their parents when they were sick; orphans might find a maternal widow to take an interest in them; and a destitute but not infirm woman could be accepted into the same building as her imbecile sister. I do not want to overstate this argument. No more than anyone else would I like to see the rebirth of the Victorian mixed institution. It was of course a scandal in a civilized society; people lived in miserable conditions on a poor diet, cross-infection was rife, and the same rules were often applied indiscriminately to both the infirm and the work-shy. I merely wish to suggest that it may have taken so long to die because it possessed some of the social and psychological advantages to the individual of living in a general community of three or four generations. And now that we have set it firmly behind us we find ourselves posed with a fundamental dilemma.

How can we reconcile the medical or administrative argument for the specialized institution with the unspoken desire or need of people to live in family groups within a community composed of individuals of both sexes and all ages? In a sense this dilemma has existed, if largely unrecognized, throughout history. But only now, in a society which has the means, and—thanks partly to some of the recent work of psychologists and sociologists—a greater inclination to act more tolerantly towards the victims of adversity, has it come to the forefront.

Perhaps the means of resolving the dilemma may seem to lie in two directions. The first might be to restrict hospital provision to general 'accident' or 'acute' hospitals with highly specialized treatment wards and with 'recovery' and out-patient annexes adjoining. These would be for people staying for brief periods who require surgery and other forms of treatment which cannot be given to them in their own homes. The second might be gradually to abandon most other types of institution, as we know them, by creating special types of housing and day clinics and by providing a much richer variety of home and welfare services. To me such a policy seems to follow logically from a projection of the trends we are now witnessing in our social services. It



would take a long time to achieve and would involve immense difficulties. But once we accept, as in fact we seem to be accepting, the principle that no advanced democratic society should deny the individual the right to a normal home and family life, I doubt whether any other course is open to us.

I once interviewed a man seventy years of age, who, after

spending forty years in various hospitals, had recently entered an old people's institution. When I asked whether he wished to stay permanently he said: 'It's comfortable here, of course, and I've seen good and bad. But all my life I've longed for two things—a home of my own and a job of my own'. After forty years of institutional life the little flame still burned.—*Third Programme*

## Where the Building Meets the Sky

J. M. RICHARDS on London's changing skyline

**W**HAT Londoner has not looked across Russell Square at dusk and been moved to admiration by the ghostly outline of the Imperial Hotel? The unlikely silhouette of its tower, softened by the hazy sky, is at the same time sharpened by the contrast it makes with the level roofs, with the horizontal emphasis, of Georgian Bloomsbury. As a specimen of romantic townscape it is splendid, yet no one would give the hotel any marks at all as a work of architecture.

I suspect that something of the same contradiction lay behind the recent outcry against demolishing the Imperial Institute in South Kensington. In this case serious claims were made on behalf of the building as architecture, but I doubt if they would have had—or deserved to have—much effect if people had not come to value the slender green-tipped tower as something that brought character and colour and, in particular, variety of silhouette into a rather uninteresting district of London.

If there was an element of nostalgia in it too, that was because we do not build towers any more—and instinctively people miss them. Why do we not build towers? One reason presumably is that, as architectural features, they come into the category of conspicuous waste. The form of buildings today is dictated by economics, and towers do not earn their keep. Even when architects manage to justify erecting towers by making the space inside them serve some useful purpose, they only achieve the dumpy objects we are asked to accept as towers in Piccadilly and Malet Street and the South Bank. We get the block and the slab instead of the fragile romantic outline of the tower-for-its-own-sake—and who would set much value on a city of dreaming slabs?

I do not think that nowadays we can expect our outstanding buildings to have romantic skylines. For one thing this is a self-conscious age and romance is a non-self-conscious quality; and for another thing romance is related to the particular rather than the general, and today it is the buildings of general impersonal character, such as offices and flats, that dominate our cities, rather than unique particular buildings. The block of offices or flats seldom has character in its skyline. Its roof is a mere dumping ground on which the architect puts down his water-tanks, his lift-

machinery, his ventilating plant, and even if he is too conscientious to leave these as haphazard protuberances, he only tides them away into a bigger protuberance or encloses them in one of these exposed concrete frames forming an open top storey, which have suddenly become fashionable as a way of finishing off tall city blocks, looking like nothing so much as built-in bomb damage.

Yet there must be ways of achieving interest in our city skylines. It is natural for our eyes to stray upwards, and the point where a building meets the sky is in some ways its point of greatest impact. The best skylines of the past—with a few exceptions like that of the Houses of Parliament—are an accident of townscape. Can we go on leaving the skyline to chance, or should it now be one of our objects to manipulate the skyline in the interests of more attractive cities? This is a timely question to ask, because one of the most



The view, looking towards Whitehall, from the bridge over the lake in St. James's Park

*British Travel Association*

famous skylines in London has just been threatened; a skyline that is an extreme case of the happy accident, and we have to ask ourselves whether we ought to try to save it; whether, if we want to, we can; and, if we have to lose it, how we can create equally exciting skylines to take its place.

The skyline I mean is the one you see if you look towards Whitehall from the footbridge over the lake in St. James's Park. It is one of the classic picturesque views, admired all over the world, and it gets its effect partly from the way the shimmering white buildings form a backcloth to the beautifully composed picture of trees and water—which we owe to Nash's genius for landscape—but very much more from its intricate skyline: first there is the Palladian façade of the Horse Guards; behind that the towers and turrets of the War Office, and behind these yet again the spiky roofs of a late-Victorian block of flats—Whitehall Court. These spiky roofs are black, the nearer roofs white, and it is this contrast that gives sparkle to the skyline. If the black pyramids and spires were not there, the white stone War Office turrets would have far less impact against the sky. Yet that is what may happen in a few years' time if the new owner of Whitehall Court—it has just changed hands—fulfils his threat to pull it down and rebuild it.

Both the London County Council and the Government have limited powers to save fine buildings from demolition, even by their



owners, but considering Whitehall Court as a work of architecture there could be no argument for preserving it: it has a certain florid Victorian abundance of the kind we are beginning to admire again today because of the contrast it makes with our own more meagre styles, but it is not to be taken seriously as a building in its own right. Its value lies in the key contribution it makes to a splendid skyline.

The planning controls exercised by the L.C.C. have never, so far as I know, been used to stop people pulling down buildings in order to preserve distant views they accidentally contribute to; and I do not think we could ask the L.C.C. to use them for this purpose. If the building really is obsolete, I suppose it must come down, though the loss to London of the view from St. James's Park will be sad indeed. What we must ask the L.C.C. to do, however, is to consider how the creation of other beautiful views to take its place can be encouraged. If the existing cumbersome and largely restrictive planning legislation is not capable of creating them, there is something wrong with it. Our great planning weakness is that town-planning in the proper sense hardly exists; that is, in the sense of looking ahead, and forming a picture of what the future city ought to be like and taking steps to bring this picture about, stage by stage. This is achieved on a limited scale only in certain areas of comprehensive development. Most town-planning is negative and not positive—it consists of stopping people doing things, administering almost wholly restrictive legislation, and making short-term decisions when expediency demands it.

There is little visualization of the future shape of our towns and cities—and I mean *visualization* literally.

The usual town-planning activities—widening roads, making traffic roundabouts, determining housing densities, allocating areas for commercial or industrial use—are not visual. Necessary as they may be, they do nothing to make the changing pattern of our cities more agreeable and interesting to the eye—which is one of the responsibilities of the planning authority. The design of skylines is a case in point. When we think of a city we admire, it is not individual buildings we have in our mind's eye but certain characteristic views in which the skyline usually plays a dominant part: in Paris perhaps the view across the Seine from the left bank with the skyline punctuated by the towers of Notre Dame; in Cairo the flattened dome and needle-like minarets of the Mohammed Ali mosque terminating the rectangular silhouette of the Mokattam hills; in Prague the confusion of buttressed walls and pointed roofs where the Hradcany palace stands on a cliff towering above the Moldau river—and so on.

If our own cities are going to retain their character instead of being submerged beneath a jumble of dumpy blocks, as the old City of London skyline of pointed towers grouped round the bubble of St. Paul's dome is becoming submerged, we must do some visual planning—not so much to preserve this or any other skyline of the past, which cannot always be done, as to ensure an equally good one in the future. The only people who can look far enough ahead to do this are the local authority planners. It is not an easy task; subtle guidance never is, and that is all we can ask of them, because our kind of democracy doesn't put up totally designed cities—a Brasilia arises only once in a life-time. But directly it begins to lay down an overall visual pattern—to work out a picture of the shape of the future city—the planning

authority will create opportunities that architects won't be slow to seize; if it does not, the finest opportunities will be missed.

The need for planning in three-dimensions has already been demonstrated by the recent outcrop of high building all over London. High buildings have come to stay, and they are going to change the London skyline completely; a few of them, by good luck or good management, have introduced a tall outline into the townscape just where it was wanted; others have done the reverse. And for one happy chance—like the way the trim tower alongside Paddington Station improves the distant view north-westwards from the Serpentine bridge, or the way the new hotel going up in Sloane Street acts as a foil to the romantic roof-line of the older Hyde Park Hotel in Knightsbridge—for one happy chance like these there are a dozen catastrophes, like the recent extension to Broadcasting House, which destroys the famous and beautiful view up Regent Street by raising a clumsy mass of brickwork behind the spire of All Souls, Langham Place. The spire of All Souls used to stand up sharply silhouetted against the sky, and obscuring it was, in my view, a particularly shameful piece of

vandalism. The architects responsible, and the L.C.C., and the insurance company to whom the B.B.C. handed the task of providing its new building, should have known the effect they were creating. Either they didn't know or they just didn't care.

As the ground becomes congested with motor-cars, the sky is the only open space we have left; and at least in cities, where the sky is not caged in with wire and the eye has not so many competing verticals within its field of vision, architecture is what shapes and defines the sky. The outline of a building not only indicates its mass and volume, but



The skyline of the City of London over 100 years ago

in Britain, because of the grey and misty light, it is a great deal of the architecture itself. Buildings are seen as silhouette and not as surface—which may incidentally explain why many English buildings lend themselves less effectively to floodlighting than, say, Italian or French, but when they do so they are more completely transformed by the direct illumination of their façades. But that is a different story.

If the building's silhouette matters so much, how can we help it give shape and meaning to the large picture and the distant view? At one time the contrast between towers and the low general roof-level created an interesting skyline almost automatically; now it has to be contrived. Architects can contribute by carefully considering the roofline of every new building from near by and far away, and I think the best architects—who are not always the ones employed on the most important projects—are now prepared to be imaginative, given opportunities of building what they see is right, instead of having to struggle against inhibiting restrictions. But because of the rise in the general roof-line and the recent intrusion of the formless city block, we need, even more than well-thought-out architecture, a positive and more consciously visual attitude on the part of the planning authorities.

We shall mourn Whitehall Court if it does come down, but its loss will be doubly serious if we have to take it—and what replaces it—as proof that the so-called planning of our cities does not nowadays include any attempt to create the very qualities that give cities life and personality; proof that the process of planning does no more than hope for the best from a jumble of assorted blocks and slabs.—*Third Programme*



## The Sky at Night

## The Centre of the Galaxy

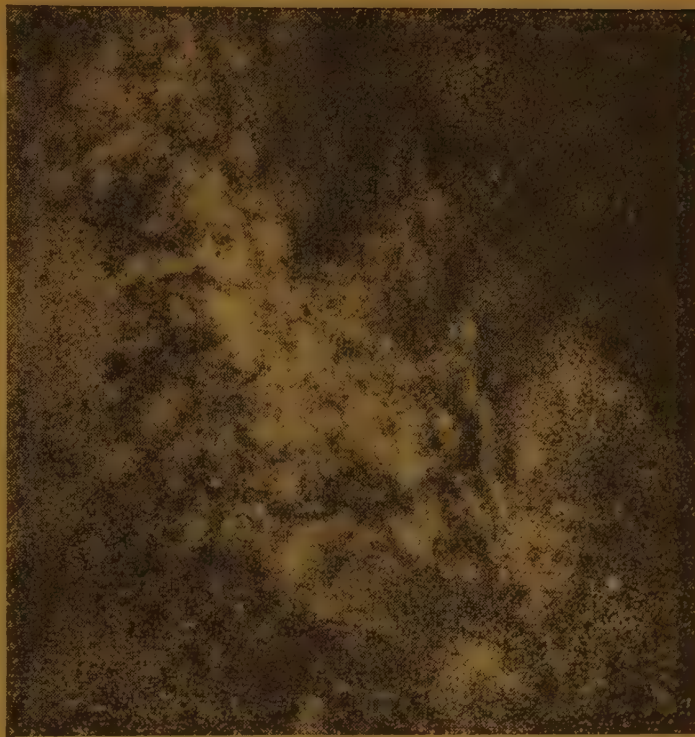
By PATRICK MOORE

**D**URING summer nights, one of the most glorious features of the sky is the Milky Way. It runs from the northern horizon through Perseus, the W of Cassiopeia and the cross of Cygnus; thence into Aquila, and down to Scorpio and Sagittarius in the south. It is particularly rich in Sagittarius, where the famous star clouds indicate the direction of the centre of the Galaxy.

Unlike its neighbour Scorpio—marked by the bright red star Antares, whose colour is noticeable even with the naked eye—Sagittarius, the Archer, is not particularly easy to recognize. It is always low in Britain, and indeed there is a part of it which remains permanently below our horizon. It has no distinctive shape, and contains no star of the first magnitude. At the moment, however, it contains the planet Saturn, while the brilliant Jupiter lies near the boundaries of Sagittarius and Ophiuchus, so that it may be located without difficulty. The area is well worth sweeping with binoculars or a low-powered telescope.

At first sight, the stars in the rich parts of the Milky Way appear crowded together so that they almost touch. This is an effect of perspective; even in the most densely populated regions of space the stars are still so widely separated that direct collisions must be vanishingly rare.

A century and a half ago, the great observer William Herschel was still engaged in research concerning the shape of the star-system or Galaxy. By means of counting the stars in certain selected areas of the sky, Herschel arrived at the conclusion that the Galaxy must be shaped rather like a 'cloven grindstone', or double-convex lens, with the Sun somewhere near the middle. The idea was not entirely new—for instance, Thomas Wright of Durham had previously suggested that the system might be disk-shaped—but Herschel's conclusions were based on more than mere guesswork. Herschel certainly had something of the right idea, and it is now known that the Galaxy is indeed a flattened system with a pronounced central bulge or nucleus. Instead of being centrally placed, however, the Sun lies well out toward one edge. The diameter of the Galaxy is about 100,000 light-years; the thickness is perhaps 20,000 light-years. The Sun lies not far from the main plane, but is between 25,000 and 30,000 light-years



Star clouds in Sagittarius

from the centre. When we look along the main plane, we naturally see many stars almost in the same line of sight, and this explains the Milky Way appearance. Unfortunately we cannot see the central regions themselves, owing to the presence of light-absorbing interstellar matter in the form of dust and gas.

Many people are familiar with the 'Sword of Orion', the brightest of the galactic nebulae, which lies below the Hunter's Belt and is clearly visible to the naked eye. It is composed of tenuous gas, together with 'dust', and shines because it contains a number of very hot stars. Were there no convenient stars, the nebula would be non-luminous. Dark nebulae, detectable because they block out the light coming from more distant stars, are very common; there is one in Orion, for instance (the Horsehead), and several others in the constellation Ophiuchus, while the Southern Cross, unfortunately too far south to be visible in Britain, contains the spectacular 'Coal Sack'. There is no basic difference between a bright nebula and a dark one. According to modern theory, it is in these nebulae that fresh stars are being produced; and thousands of millions of years ago our Sun was presumably formed out of nebular material.

Many dark nebulae are well defined, and have boundaries which are apparently hard and sharp, though in reality the nebular gas is excessively tenuous. (If it were possible to take a cupful of air and spread it around a giant vacuum-flask five miles in diameter, the resulting density would be much the same as that which prevails in a galactic nebula.) More inconvenient from the astronomer's point of view is the general interstellar 'fog'. Space is not truly empty; there is always a certain amount of material, and this thinly spread dust and gas is most evident in the central plane of the Galaxy.

Direct proof of the existence of interstellar material may be obtained by observational means. As long ago as 1904 Hartmann found that various lines in the spectrum of Delta Orionis, a spectroscopic binary (the upper star of the Hunter's Belt), did not share in the general Doppler shifts due to the relative motion of the two components round their common centre of gravity; there-



The 'Horsehead' nebula in Orion  
Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories



fore it followed that these particular lines did not belong to the star itself, but were produced by material lying between Delta Orionis and ourselves. We also know of stars which show spectra of type B, but which appear reddish in hue. Since no B-type star can be genuinely red, we can tell that the light is coming to us through a 'haze'. Near the galactic poles—for instance, in the comparatively barren regions of Lynx in the northern hemisphere and Sculptor in the southern—the interstellar absorption is relatively slight, but near the main plane of the Galaxy it is very marked. This is why we can never see the true centre. The Sagittarius star-clouds show us the direction, but the galactic fog prevents our ever having a view of the innermost regions.

### A New Science

Until the past few decades, therefore, our knowledge of the centre of the Galaxy was indirect, and was based upon our studies of external systems such as the Great Spiral in Andromeda, which lies at a distance of about 2,000,000 light-years and is considerably larger than our own Galaxy. Nowadays, an entirely new method of research has come to our aid, the science of radio astronomy.

In 1930 Karl Jansky, a young radio engineer working for the Bell Telephone Laboratories in the United States, built a large and unusual kind of aerial to help him study the static which often interfered with wireless communication. The aerial could be rotated, and was a somewhat improvised contraption nicknamed the 'Merry-go-Round'; it looked rather like the skeleton of an aeroplane wing, and its four wheels were taken from a broken-down car. Yet in scientific history its importance must be regarded as comparable with that of Galileo's first optical telescope. Jansky began systematic work in 1931. He identified various forms of terrestrial static, but he also found another noise-source which was much more puzzling. In his own words, it was 'very weak and steady, causing a hiss in the phones which can hardly be distinguished from the hiss caused by set noise', and it seemed to come from a special part of the sky, a definite source which shared in the diurnal rotation of the heavens. By 1932 Jansky had satisfied himself that this source lay in Sagittarius, and was presumably associated with the star-clouds which indicated the direction of the galactic centre.

Oddly enough, Jansky never followed up his pioneer work; and though the Milky Way radio source was studied in the following years by an American amateur, Grote Reber, little more was done until the outbreak of the 1939-45 war. Since then, however, radio astronomy has become vitally important, and has led to great advances in our knowledge of our own Galaxy and external systems. There can be few people who have not heard of the 250-foot 'dish' at Jodrell Bank, near Manchester, the largest radio telescope at present in operation.

Just as an optical telescope focuses light-waves, so a radio telescope focuses radio waves. It does not produce a visual image of the object under study, but the principle is much the same. It is important to bear in mind that we cannot 'listen in' to actual noise coming from space; sound-waves cannot travel except through air, and there is little air above a height of a hundred miles. The hiss which Jansky heard, and which has been recorded so often since then, is produced inside the equipment, and merely represents one method of studying the radio waves which are being received. Unlike ordinary light, the long-wavelength radio emission is not blocked out by the interstellar material. It can pass through, and so bring us direct information about regions which we can never see. For the first time in human history, we are in a position to study radiations which come from the very centre of the Galaxy.

### Complementary Methods of Research

It has been claimed that, in time, radio astronomy will supersede optical astronomy. This is emphatically not the case. The two methods of research are complementary; each has its advantages, and each has its limitations. Radio research has, however, increased our knowledge enormously during the last two decades, and further important advances may confidently be expected soon.

Many of the external galaxies, including the great system in Andromeda, are spiral in form. By studying the distribution of

the very hot O and B type stars in our Galaxy, W. Baade, in the nineteen-forties, suggested that the system in which we are situated might also be a spiral; but by optical methods alone it was impossible to obtain proof. Here again radio astronomy has come to the rescue. In 1944 van de Hulst, in Holland, put forward the suggestion that interstellar hydrogen should be emitting radio energy at a wavelength of 21.1 centimetres, and six years later Ewen and Purcell, at Harvard, actually detected this radiation. The discovery was of particular importance because it enabled astronomers to study the distribution of the hydrogen clouds. As with other galaxies, clouds of such type are situated chiefly in the main plane of the system, and in the spiral arms. The distribution of the clouds proved conclusively that spiral arms exist. To an outside observer, it seems that the Galaxy would appear as a rather loosely wound 'Catherine-wheel'.

Research is continuing; as yet the agreement between researchers is by no means complete, but it is thought that the Sun may lie near the inner edge of one of the spiral arms. It should not be many years now before we can draw up a comparatively accurate map of the whole Galaxy, though a great deal of work remains to be done.

Another relatively modern discovery is that the whole Galaxy is rotating. There is a great difference between the galactic rotation and the movements of the bodies in the Solar System; the Earth and other planets are moving round one controlling body, the Sun, while there is no single controlling body in the Galaxy as a whole. Yet the rotation round the galactic nucleus is undeniably real, and the Sun is taking part in it. Moving at about 150 miles per second, it takes the Sun approximately 225,000,000 years to complete one journey—a period which is sometimes known, appropriately enough, as the 'cosmic year'.

### Time-Scale beyond Our Experience

As so often happens in astronomical science, we are faced with a time-scale which is beyond our everyday experience. One cosmic year ago, the Earth was in the period known geologically as the Carboniferous; the coal forests spread over the lands, and amphibians represented the highest forms of terrestrial life. Two cosmic years ago, and we are back in the Cambrian period, when the only life on Earth took the form of lowly sea-creatures. In its whole career the Sun cannot have made as many as forty journeys round the galactic nucleus.

Except perhaps in its innermost regions, the Galaxy does not rotate in the manner of a solid body. In general, the outer regions move more slowly than those nearer the nucleus, just as is the case in the Solar System, where the outer planets are the slower travellers. The interstellar hydrogen naturally takes part in the rotation, and has given us much of our information about it. Recently, J. H. Oort has reported the existence of a comparatively small disk of hydrogen gas near the centre of the Galaxy, notable for its quick rotation; but his results are preliminary only, and not much is yet known about this feature.

Except in the case of the Sun, we do not receive radio waves from individual stars. (Undoubtedly the stars do emit such radiation, but not strongly enough for us to detect it.) For this reason, the popular term 'radio star' is inappropriate, and is best avoided; 'radio source' is better. Among radio sources in the Galaxy are those due to old supernovæ, of which the best example is the Crab nebula in Taurus. It has been suggested that the Sagittarius source lies between the Sun and the galactic centre, but the more general view is that the source is genuinely associated with the nucleus.

Summer is the best time of the year to see the Sagittarius star-clouds, and any small telescope is adequate to show their richness. When we observe them, it is interesting to remember that we are looking toward the very centre of our system. We cannot see through the dust and gas to the heart of the Galaxy, but we have learned much since the day when Karl Jansky first recorded the faint, persistent hiss which gave the key to a new and revolutionary branch of astronomical research.

—Based on the B.B.C. television programme of June 8

*Guide to the Stars*, by Patrick Moore, F.R.A.S., has been published by Eyre and Spottiswoode at 21s.



# Desert Floods and Human Affairs

By CLAUDIO VITA-FINZI

**T**HE watercourses or wadis of Tripolitanian Libya, on the northern edge of the Sahara, are typical desert streams. For most of the year they are dry, and then, for a few days each winter, they are swept by floods that are violent and short-lived. The first flood of the year may in fact advance like a wall of water or tidal bore, because the ground is bone-dry and all the rain runs off at once. Moreover the storms that feed the floods affect only small areas at any one time, so that the hydrologist may miss the flood altogether by a matter of minutes or a few hundred yards. Even if he does catch it, he will find it hard to concentrate when boulders are bouncing against his boots and lightning flashing about his ears. So, apart from some eye-witness accounts and a few lucky, accurate observations on speed of flow and amount of mud held in suspension in the water, we know little about the Libyan floods.

One way to supplement this scanty information is to study the shape of the wadi bed and the nature of the muds and gravels left behind by the floods, although we cannot base our interpretations entirely on what we know about perennial streams in wetter countries, the basic difference being that in a desert flood there is no time for steady conditions of flow to be established.

Since there is so much variation from flood to flood and year to year, it is more important to know the general trend of the stream's behaviour, *i.e.* whether it is tending to cut down or to build up its bed, than to know the changes it has brought about from one year to the next. This would, indeed, be difficult to work out, unless we could draw extremely accurate maps on a vast scale or paint hundreds of pebbles to see how they have moved. In a desert area the scale and violence of the floods is of significance to human existence, and it is interesting to know how the wadis of Tripolitania have altered over the last few centuries, during which period different people have settled in this difficult country and interfered with its vegetation and soils.

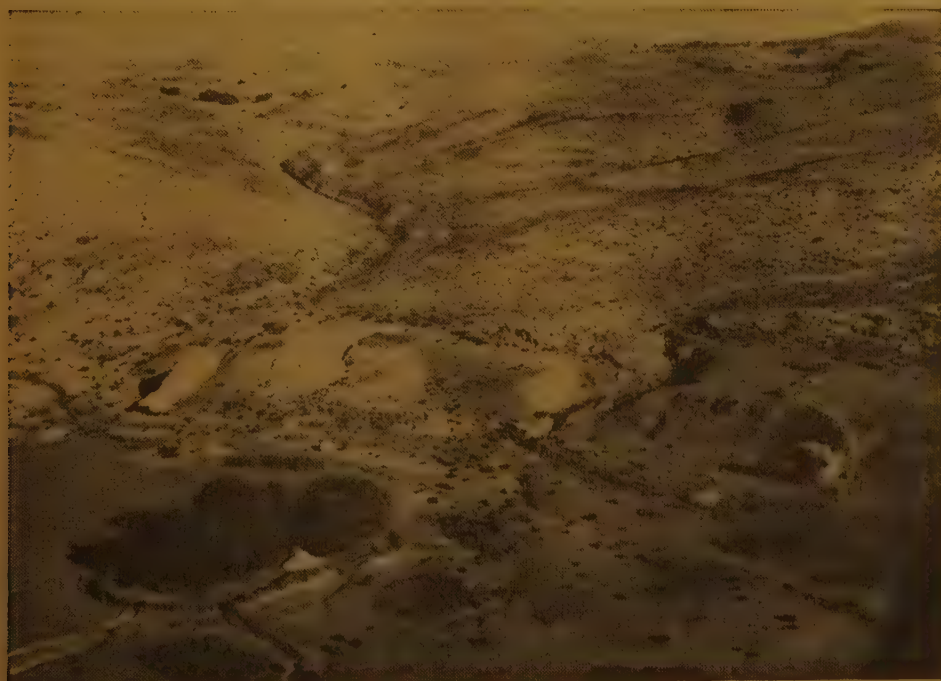


The old Roman port of Leptis Magna, in Libya, where the harbour fittings indicate that 'sea-level is now the same as it was during the second century A.D.'

In the Atacama Desert of Chile, stone-age camping sites round the shores of dried-up lakes have revealed how these lakes have shrunk progressively over some tens of thousands of years. In Libya, Roman remains are widespread, and they can be used for similar purposes. For instance, the harbour fittings of the

Roman port of Leptis Magna indicate that sea-level is now the same as during the second century A.D., although before that time oscillations seem to have affected other parts of the Mediterranean. In the same way Roman remains allow us to date different phases in the history of the wadis since classical times, a brief period in geological time, it is true, but one that has seen catastrophic changes.

During the first four centuries A.D. many of the north Tripolitanian wadis were dammed by the Romans at several places along their length. When the valley was narrow, stone and concrete dams were used, and when the valley was wide earth-dykes were built and protected by concrete spillways and sluices. As a result, the floods were stemmed and silt accumulated behind the dams, thus providing stretches of damp soil in an area of uncertain rainfall. So we can date the sediment trapped behind the dams and from its composition get some idea of the kind of flow that was the rule. Even allowing for the stemming effect of the dams, in those days flow seems to have been fairly gentle and more evenly distributed than today.



The ruins (left and right, middle distance) of two Roman dams, over twenty feet high, in the wadi Ganima in Tripolitania



During the second half of the fourth century most of the dams fell into disrepair because the Roman territories were being harried by invaders; ultimately they broke. Once more uncontrolled, the floods began to sweep away the deposits behind the dams and, after a period of exceptional violence, broke through a thin but hard layer of limestone, underlain by gravel, which during Roman times lined the bottom of many of the valleys and on which the stone dams had been built. Because of this cutting, many of the ruined dams today stand perched several feet above the present wadi bottoms. As the floods became more violent, gullies began to eat into the soft valley sides and down towards the lower stream bottoms.

This phase of gullying was soon interrupted by the downwash of large quantities of soil and weathered rock from the hills into the valleys. In the main channels the seasonal flow was insufficient for the removal of all this material, so a bench or terrace was formed along the sides of the valleys, at a height of about ten feet. This terrace is crammed full of bits of Roman pottery, brought down from the ruined Roman settlements and farms on the hill-tops; and sometimes you may even find a large chunk of Roman dam, broken off by a flood, embedded in the silt and gravel. Thus Roman pottery and masonry can be used just like fossils to date a recent geological formation. It is perhaps a pity that most of these shards are rough and badly fired, since better quality ware would provide more accurate dates according to their style and finish. As it is, we can merely recognize the pot as Roman and the terrace as post-Roman.

The material that was sludged down has filled in some of the gullies that had been cut shortly before. One can see these old buried channels in sections cut by floodwaters or by one's pick; and, by examining air-photographs, one can make out clearly that they end abruptly when they reach the edge of what I have called the Roman terrace.

The reason for this speeding up in the erosion of the hillsides, which first gave way to gullying and then to more widespread and localized movement of material, seems to be the deterioration of the vegetation that held the soil in place. This was perhaps due to the neglect of soil-control measures and the decline of olive farming following the invasions, and the sudden increase in the number of grazing animals, kept by the Romans' successors. Here, in the form of a geological formation and a distinctive set of land-forms, we have tangible confirmation of an event so often inferred by historians from documentary sources. An additional piece of evidence, which shows that trees were extremely scarce, was the widespread use of stone vaulting in the fortified farms built in the fifth and sixth centuries, in place of the earlier, simpler, flat roofs supported by horizontal wooden beams. This is useful because the writings of the ancients are not good sources of information on the nature and density of vegetation: in a desert, two trees may be described as a woodland and four as a forest.

After this phase of 'slope instability', probably lasting several centuries, the hillsides established a new balance with the changed conditions of vegetation, and the streams, no longer overloaded,

began to cut into the weak deposits of both the Roman dam-made terraces and the post-Roman formation. Finally, only a few decades ago, Europeans began to exploit the esparto grass that grew wild on many of the hillsides and which, till then, had had a beneficial effect on the precarious stability of the slopes. This grass was harvested and shipped to paper mills, in particular those in Scotland. The removal of the sparse vegetation-cover once again upset the balance, and gullies are now cutting actively into the valley sides, and washing away some of the soil. Areas which are used for military exercises involving heavy vehicles like tanks are particularly badly gullied since the ground is beaten hard and storm water concentrated into lines of flow.

During the last twenty centuries of Tripolitanian floods, there-

fore, there has been one period during which human interference was beneficial, in terms of soil staying in place and even accumulating; and two periods of erosion, one directly after the Roman period and one still in action today. These conclusions agree with those reached independently in Tunisia, immediately to the west, and parts of Egypt in the east. Further, while I have been able to examine only a small part of Tripolitania from the ground and from a low-flying aircraft, it is possible to extend these observations over the whole of the country using stereoscopic air photographs, with occasional ground checks. Both in Tunisia and in Tripolitania significant changes in the behaviour of the forces that fashion the landscape correspond in time to invasions or other sudden breaks in the history of land-use. There are striking parallels from other deserts, notably those of the American southwest, which illustrate how unstable desert land-forms are and how catastrophically they can be altered.

What is the relation of these 2,000 years of change to longer-term geological trends? Some tens of thousands of years ago a hilly limestone

landscape was gradually invaded by dust and sand brought north by winds from the Sahara; this dust filled in all the hollows and valleys, and some idea of when it happened is given by the discovery of distinctive man-made flint implements both within the deposits and on their surface. Then, when water erosion restarted, the wind-blown material began to be washed away; once streams succeeded in reaching the buried hard-rock surface they gradually shifted towards the former valley-bottom. The landscape was, in short, being exhumed, by the fairly gentle sweeping action of the wadis. This was the situation when the Romans built their dams and, once the dams were broken, the streams resumed their wandering, and have often shifted several yards away from their position in Roman times. The period of terrace deposition that began during the fourth or fifth century A.D. was merely another temporary reversal in this tendency for the removal of weak material from the wadi bottoms, and the restoration of a landscape that was buried by dust from the ever-present Sahara in the south. The last 2,000 years show how significant man's influence on the development of landscape can be, especially in a desert where the forces of nature are violent and the resistance of the rocks a matter of delicate balance.

—Network Three



Modern gullies cutting into the sides of a valley where vegetation has been removed. The wadi, no longer dammed, is on the right

Photographs: Claudio Vita-Finzi



# 'Tell the Police'

By A BARRISTER

**I** SUPPOSE we would all agree that it is our public duty as law-abiding citizens to report to the police any crime which we know has been committed. It may come as something of a shock to realize that if we fail to do so we may be guilty of a criminal offence. We regard it as morally right to reveal all we may know about a murder. Yet how many employers 'hush-up' wholesale thefts or defalcations by their employees, either on condition that the money is repaid or merely by dismissing the employee without a reference? They have probably committed a crime, the crime of misprision of felony.

## The Case at Barnsley

It was substantially this crime which, in December of last year, brought five prominent citizens of Barnsley into the dock at Leeds Assizes in the case of *R. v. Wilde and Others*.<sup>1</sup> The defendants were the principal officers of the Barnsley British Co-operative Society, a mammoth organization with an annual turnover of over £12,000,000, which bestrides the trading world of the Barnsley district of Yorkshire. The manager of one of its branch shops discovered that a girl assistant had been stealing money or goods from the shop and had concealed her thefts by falsifying the checks she issued for the price. She was interviewed by the grocery departmental manager and signed a statement. In the statement she confessed that she had been doing this for about a year, and alleged that her mother and her two aunts had known what she was doing and had shared in the proceeds. All three ladies vigorously denied any knowledge of these offences, and the girl when on oath said her statement was untrue in this respect. The defendants, however, believed that it was true, and the grocery manager calculated—inaccurately—that the mother and the two aunts had benefited to the extent of £258. At a meeting at the Co-operative head office, the girl's parents and relations were apparently told by the Society's president that if £258 were not paid to the Society within five days, the directors would have to consider inviting the police to investigate. The money was paid and no report was made to the police until an article in a national newspaper let the cat out of the bag.

The offence with which the defendants were in fact charged was conspiracy to defeat the course of public justice, but the case proceeded on the basis that the defendants should be acquitted unless the prosecution established that they had agreed together to commit misprision of felony.

What, then, is misprision of felony? 'Felony' is easy enough: all crimes are either felonies or misdemeanours. On the whole (though not necessarily) felonies are the graver crimes—murder, theft, rape, arson and so forth. 'Misprision' is the difficult part: originally, it meant merely 'an offence', and it appears to have gained its present meaning by a process well known to etymologists of being used more particularly for a certain type of offence, that is to say, the concealment from the authorities of one's knowledge of the commission either of treason or of a felony. It may be that misprision of treason was the original offence and misprision of felony arose by analogy, since felonies in general, like treason, were punished by death and forfeiture of all property.

Prosecutions for misprision of felony have never been particularly frequent. This is not surprising. A person who is involved in a crime will normally be liable to a more serious charge. If he is present and lends support to the criminal, even if only moral support, he may be held equally guilty of the crime, as a principal in the second degree, as it is called. Similarly, if he assists in the preparations for the crime, he is an accessory before the fact. After a felony has been committed, anyone who knowingly assists the felon in any way (for instance, by hiding him or destroying incriminating evidence) is an accessory after the fact. Furthermore, a man who agrees for reward to conceal his knowledge of

the commission of a felony is guilty of compounding a felony. Lastly, there is the crime charged in the Barnsley case, conspiracy to defeat the course of justice, which would cover the concealment of any crime, not just a felony, if done by the agreement of two or more persons. The occasions, therefore, on which misprision of felony need be charged have always been few, and since the abolition of the death penalty for almost all felonies, many have thought that it should either be cast into oblivion or limited to a very few precisely defined circumstances<sup>2</sup>.

In 1840 the Royal Commission on the Criminal Law urged<sup>3</sup> that to require everyone, however trivial the offence, 'to become an accuser would be productive of inconvenience in exposing numbers to penal prosecutions, multiplying criminal charges and engendering private dissension'. The Commissioners suggested limiting 'the law against mere misprisings to the concealment of such crimes as are of an aggravated complexion'.

As with many such reports, nothing was done by parliament. There were few prosecutions during the nineteenth century and by 1866 Lord Westbury in the case of *Williams v. Bayley*<sup>4</sup> could describe the crime as having 'somewhat passed into desuetude'. In that case bankers discovered that the son of one of their customers had been forging his father's signature on promissory notes. At the end of a meeting between the father and the bankers, the father in great distress agreed to undertake liability for the entire sum (over £7,000) which his son had obtained, believing that if he did not agree they would prosecute his son for forgery and he might well be sentenced to transportation for life. The House of Lords held that the agreement was not enforceable as it had been extorted from the father by unfair pressure. Lord Westbury's remarks about misprision of felony were clearly *obiter*<sup>5</sup>, and, one suspects, off the cuff, for he described it as being 'when a man, instead of performing his public duty, and giving information to the public authorities of a crime that he was aware of, concealed his knowledge, and farther, converted it into a source of emolument to himself'. Lord Westbury was importing into misprision the idea of benefit to the concealer. There seems to be no precedent for such an importation, and one cannot avoid the conclusion that he was confusing misprision of felony with compounding a felony. Lord Chelmsford in the same case refers throughout to compounding a felony and not misprision.

Until comparatively recent times the crime of misprision of felony was all but forgotten, save in the legal textbooks. Yet at the close of the nineteen-thirties there were a few prosecutions for

(continued on page 1100)

## Britain's Changing Towns

What changes are taking place in Britain's towns fifteen years after the end of the war? Are the new buildings now going up satisfactory? How do they fit in with the existing buildings? And which of the existing buildings are worth preserving? These are the sort of questions that will be discussed in a series of articles written by Ian Nairn, assistant editor of *The Architectural Review* which will appear periodically in THE LISTENER.

The first article, on *Birmingham*, will be published next week.

<sup>1</sup>(1960) Crim. L. Rev. 116. <sup>2</sup>e.g. Glanville Williams, *Criminal Law*, pp. 335-6; 64 L.Q.R. 312. <sup>3</sup>The Report, (1840) Parl. Paps., Vol. 20, p. 36. <sup>4</sup>(1866) L.R. 1 H.L. 200 at 220. <sup>5</sup>This was the view of Stale J. in *R. v. Wilde and Others*.



*'La Goulue et Valentin le Désossé'*  
by Toulouse-Lautrec  
(Musée d'Albi)





# At your leisure...

Disraeli said: "Increased means and increased leisure are the two civilisers of man."

A hundred years after he said it,  
we are beginning to agree  
that the one is useless without the other—  
like buying a picture and not having time to look at it.  
Leisure is the time to do what you want,  
not what you must;  
to go dancing like these famous characters here,  
or just to sit and talk,  
or just sit; or what you will.

If we can sensibly dream these days  
of more leisure for everyone,  
it is because technical advances in industry  
make possible more useful work in less time.

At the root of many such advances  
lies the oil industry.

Oil has helped to make possible  
the whole age of fast transport, the new age of plastics,  
the increased efficiency of many an industrial process.  
The oil refining process itself started being 'automated'  
before the word was invented.

What matter to you?

None at all, perhaps.

Yet, if you care to think—at your leisure . . .  
oil—and Esso are helping you  
to more leisure.





# B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

June 15—21

## Wednesday, June 15

Talks about higher pay for engineering apprentices break down

Argentina makes a formal request for a special meeting of the U.N. Security Council about the recent transfer from Argentina to Israel of the former Nazi S.S. officer, Adolph Eichmann

## Thursday, June 16

President Eisenhower's visit to Japan is postponed at the request of the Japanese Government

Mr. Alfred Robens, a senior member of the Parliamentary Committee of the Labour Party, is appointed Chairman of the National Coal Board

M. René Clair, the film director and writer, is elected a member of the French Academy

## Friday, June 17

On the eve of President Eisenhower's visit to Formosa guns on the Chinese mainland shell nearby islands in Chinese Nationalist hands

After more anti-Government demonstrations in Tokyo, Mr. Kishi, the Prime Minister promises new elections as soon as possible

Mr. Gaitskell appeals to members of the Labour Party to stop making personal attacks on each other

## Saturday, June 18

Japan's defence treaty with the United States is automatically ratified

President Eisenhower meets General Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa

Stirling Moss and Mike Taylor, British racing drivers, are injured in crashes in Belgium while practising for the Grand Prix

## Sunday, June 19

South Koreans give an enthusiastic welcome to President Eisenhower in Seoul

British drivers, Chris Bristow and Alan Stacey, are killed in the Belgian Grand Prix, won by Jack Brabham of Australia

## Monday, June 20

It is announced that, because of plentiful supplies of coal and oil, Britain's nuclear power programme is to be slowed down and reduced by £90,000,000 over the next seven years

The Algerian Nationalist leader, Ferhat Abbas, is to lead a delegation to Paris for talks with President De Gaulle

## Tuesday, June 21

Shipbuilding workers to seek higher wages

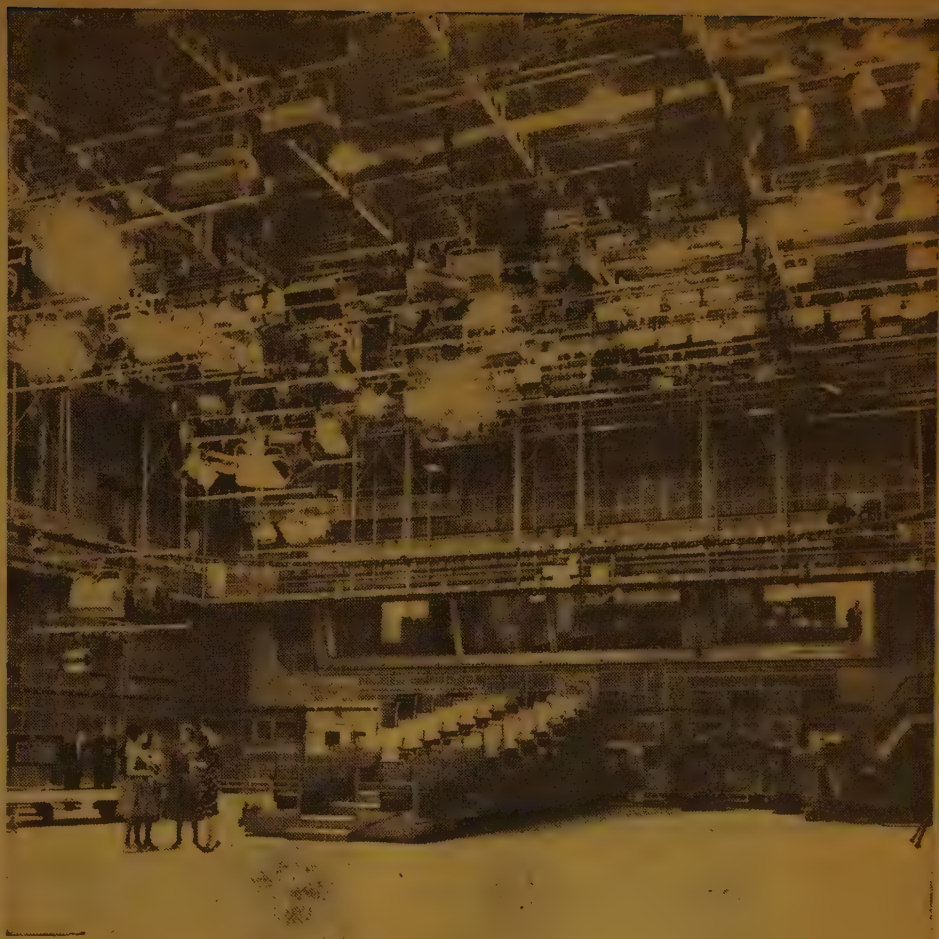
Railway locomotivemen's union to ask to meet other two railway unions to obtain speeding up of recommendations of Guillebaud Report

Seven thousand dockers strike at Liverpool



Japanese police struggling with rioters during one of last week's most violent demonstrations in Tokyo against President Eisenhower's proposed visit which was later cancelled at the request of the Japanese Government. The disturbances, in which three people were killed, were described by the Cabinet as 'a Communist-inspired attempt to overthrow the Government'





parts of the B.B.C.'s new television centre at the White City. *Left:* a general view of the entrance, *Above:* part of the inner façade of the circular main block and the fountain in the foreground is a fountain and a column surmounted by a statue of Helios, a figure from Greek mythology. *Right:* the interior of the first studio to come into use in the new building. The first programme will be broadcast from this studio on June 29. In the middle of the photograph is seen a section of the moveable seating for the studio audience which can be folded away to an eighth of the size it is when in use



Mrs. Antony Armstrong Jones and her husband, Mr. Antony Armstrong Jones, disembarking from the ship 'The Britannia' at Portsmouth last Saturday on their return from a six-weeks' honeymoon in the Caribbean



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arriving in an open carriage for the second day of the Royal Ascot meeting last week



(continued from page 1095)

misprision at the Old Bailey: for instance, when in 1938 Mrs. Casserley pleaded guilty to misprision of felony in concealing her knowledge that it was her lover who had killed her husband<sup>6</sup>.

In 1948 the matter reached the Court of Criminal Appeal in the case of *Donnah Aberg*<sup>7</sup>. For several months she had hidden in her house a man who had escaped from Wormwood Scrubs. She was charged with two other offences as well as with misprision of the felony of being unlawfully at large whilst undergoing a sentence of penal servitude. She also was tried at the Old Bailey and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment to run concurrently with sentences of eighteen months on other counts. Her appeal concerned another matter, but the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Goddard, made some observations about the law of misprision although the matter had not been argued before the court. Commenting that it was not necessary in the circumstances to consider the matter in detail, he said that misprision of felony, though an offence described in the text-books,

has been generally regarded nowadays as obsolete. . . . Although . . . there have recently been cases in which counts for misprision of felony have been included . . . if in any subsequent case it should be thought necessary or desirable to include a count for misprision of felony, great care ought to be taken to consider what, at any rate according to more modern authorities, are the constituents of that offence. I call particular attention to the speech of Lord Westbury in *Williams v. Bayley*. . . . If this offence is made the subject of any indictment . . . this Court may have carefully to consider what are or were the real constituents of the offence and whether it is necessary to prove a concealment for the benefit of the person charged.

One is left to speculate as to what answer Lord Goddard thought should be given.

## Two Recent Australian Cases

Thus it fell to Mr. Justice Slade, the trial judge in the *Barnsley* case, to attempt to carry out the advice of Lord Goddard 'carefully to consider what are the real constituents of the offence' in modern times. He derived some assistance from two recent Australian cases. The first was at Sydney Quarter Sessions in July 1954<sup>8</sup>. Hosking, the defendant, was a member of a firm who investigated the honesty of shop assistants. By threats of prison he induced a girl to sign a confession that she had stolen £468 over three years, whereas in fact she had stolen only about £30. It was said that his firm would have got half of any sums repaid by the girl to her employers. Judge Stephen, the trial judge, directed an acquittal. He rejected the defence arguments that misprision of felony no longer existed or that it had to be proved that the defendant was an eye-witness. But he held that the prosecution had to establish that the defendant took some material gain, benefit, or emolument from his concealment of the felony; and that any benefit to the defendant's firm was irrelevant, since the firm was not indicted.

Last year a higher Australian court, the Supreme Court of Victoria, tackled the problem in the case of *Crimmins*<sup>9</sup>. *Crimmins* was the victim of a shooting in Melbourne. When questioned by the police, he admitted he had been deliberately shot but refused to reveal either the name of his assailant or where the incident had

taken place. He was convicted of misprision. The jury were directed that they had to be satisfied of three things: (1) that a felony had been committed; (2) that *Crimmins* knew that a felony had been committed; and (3) that, knowing that, he concealed the facts in relation thereto. The judge stated that it was sufficient for the prosecution to establish that *Crimmins* had concealed the identity of the person who shot him. He added that *Crimmins* was also said to have concealed the facts in impeding the police inquiries by concealing the place where he was shot. The Full Court approved the direction to the jury and unanimously held, first, that benefit to the defendant was not, and never had been, an element of the crime of misprision of felony, and secondly, that the citizen's duty to disclose the commission of a felony was broken if he failed to make known to the authorities facts which might lead to the apprehension of the felon.

## The Windfalls and the Gatepost

Clearly there was no benefit to the defendants in the *Barnsley* case from their concealment—not even an indirect benefit, it was said, for what difference would £250 more or less for the *Barnsley Co-operative Society* make to its salaried directors and manager? Consequently their counsel insisted that benefit to the defendant was an essential part of misprision of felony. This Slade J. firmly rejected. But he showed greater sympathy with another argument, that it was ridiculous to suggest that if one saw a fifteen-year-old boy leaving one's garden with some windfalls from one's apple tree, and did not report him to the police, one would be committing a criminal offence. This argument is surely open to the objection that merely because some examples of a criminal offence are trivial, it does not follow that the crime should not exist. After all, if coming home you back your car into your own gatepost, *prima facie* you are guilty of driving without due care and attention, though no one would dream of prosecuting you.

Slade J., however, felt that the argument had considerable weight and that some qualification was needed in modern times so as to exclude trivial circumstances. He therefore defined misprision as 'the concealment of knowledge of the commission of a felony which a reasonable person would regard as sufficiently serious to report to the police', and told the jury that they should convict only if they answered 'Yes' to each of four questions. These questions were whether the prosecution had proved beyond reasonable doubt: (1) that the girl was guilty of stealing (a felony); (2) that each of the defendants knew she had been guilty of stealing, *i.e.*, knew of or believed in the existence of facts which would make her a thief; (3) that the nature and extent of her thefts as known to the defendants was such that a reasonable man would consider it his duty to inform the proper authorities; (4) that all the defendants or two or more of them (and if so which) agreed to conceal their knowledge from the proper authorities. On this direction the jury found all five defendants guilty; and the judge then gave each of them an absolute discharge.

Two points stand out in this case. The first is the acceptance of the view that there must be some restriction of the scope of misprision, and that not every failure to report a felony is a

criminal offence. The second, and the more interesting, is the rejection of Lord Westbury's restriction of the crime to those cases where the defendant benefits from his misprision, and the substitution of the entirely different test of whether the case is one in which a reasonable man would have felt it his duty to inform the proper authorities. This setting-up of the reasonable man as the standard seems to be in the direct line of the tradition of the crime of misprision of felony. There is no precedent for this particular qualification. The reasonable man is a creation of the courts of the nineteenth century. Misprision of felony is a common law offence: why should it not develop in modern times along modern common law lines?

A comparison may surely be made with the law of provocation as a defence to a charge of murder, killing under provocation being not murder but manslaughter. It is not any provocation which will suffice. It must be such provocation as would deprive a reasonable man of his self-control and deprived the accused of his self-control. Indeed, it is the physically normal, sober, even-tempered, reasonable man who sets the standard. You will look in vain for this standard as recently as a hundred years ago. The reasonable man leapt into the law of provocation at the behest of Mr. Justice Keating in 1869<sup>10</sup>, though he was not generally accepted until as recently as 1914<sup>11</sup>.

Whether or not Slade J. is right in including the standard of conduct of the reasonable man as part of the intrinsic nature of misprision, the standard he set and the questions he asked are surely the standard which ought to be set and the questions which should be asked of himself by anyone who in the future feels it desirable to bring a charge of misprision of felony. It has the advantage over Lord Westbury's test of 'benefit' in that it does genuinely discriminate between the serious and the trivial. It is easily comprehensible to a jurymen: for just as a judge may regard the reasonable man as being himself without his wig on, so to a member of the jury the reasonable man may well be himself outside the doors of the court.

## A Door Opened to Injustice

In a proper case, if the test is satisfied, a charge of misprision should be brought. It is the fear of detection and public prosecution, rather than of punishment, which deters many from committing crimes, particularly those of dishonesty. It must surely be in the public interest that the decision whether or not mercy should be shown to the criminal should be made impartially and disinterestedly by the police or the courts. If you leave the decision to the employer or other injured party, you open the door to injustice, to the infinitely variable and haphazard standards of an individual who is not used to judging such matters as these. There is also an unpleasant flavour of secret tribunals, with the employer the self-appointed judge of a matter in which he is directly concerned; such a procedure is plainly open to abuse.

It may well be inconvenient for citizens to do their public duty and reveal what they know to the police, but the processes of justice cannot be carried on if they do not. In grave cases there must be some legal sanction to enforce the public duty to tell the police. It is the business of the law in action to provide that sanction.—*Third Programme*

<sup>6</sup>*The Times*, May 28, 1938; cf. *R. v. Goldstein and Sparkes* (July 1940). <sup>7</sup>*R. v. Aberg* (1948) 2 K.B. 173. <sup>8</sup>*R. v. Hosking* (1955) Crim. L. Rev. 29, 291. <sup>9</sup>(1959) V.R. 270; cf. (1959) Crim. L. Rev. 756-7. <sup>10</sup>*R. v. Welsh* (1869) 11 Cox C.C. 336. <sup>11</sup>*R. v. Lesbini* (1914) 3 K.B. 1116.





## The Last of the Horsemen

By REGINALD L. OTTLEY

**T**HE rain beat down: sheer, solid, tumbling blocks of it. You could hear it thud on your hat; feel it slop inside your shirt, swill on your trousers. It was the sort of rain that made you gasp. And when you did, the water running into your mouth choked you. The way things go, it was not a good day to be out riding.

But when you've got a job to do, and it's fifty miles away, there's no alternative. Leastways, that's how it was with me. I had to push on and cross the Lachlan River at Wheelbar, or else be cut off altogether. After six weeks of more or less constant rain, there was more of the river flooding outside its banks than there was inside. Normally fifty yards wide, it had spread to a mile, in many places. That's the way it is, in inland Australia. It's either so dry you can flog the proverbial flea, or else it's so flooded you need a duck-footed horse. Whichever way it goes, it makes for variety.

### When the World Was All Water

This time, it was flooded. As far as a man could see, through rain-blurred eyes, water swamped the countryside: sheets of it. The leaden skies pelted it down. The river choked up and spewed it out across the plains. To me, squelching along on my big, bay saddle horse, the world seemed all water; and dangerous water at that. The current's pull eddied round the big bay's legs. I had a pretty good idea what it would be like, when we reached the river's banks.

Hunched over on the saddle, I let the bay plod on. He knew better than I did what was underfoot. Besides, the rain had soddened me through to the marrow. The ache crawled in my bones. When you get like that, you don't give a tinker's cuss; you let the pulpy reins rest loose in your hands, and leave it to the horse. If he's no good in the water, your chances don't add up. The big bay was good; so I left him alone. When he half-paddled, half-swam, round a clump of butt-submerged timber, I wiped the rain from my eyes. Before they could fill again, I made out the country ahead. By the sweep of the river timber, Wheelbar wasn't far. Then my eyes

blurred over; the rain smashed my hat brim down.

Ten minutes later, Wheelbar boiled in front of me. I say 'boiled' because there's no other word. The bridge was under completely, with only the side rails showing. Swirling, white-capped water tossed feet deep over the bridge-way itself. As far as I could see, water stretched each side of it. The Lachlan had swollen into a sea and was no longer a river.

Be that as it may, what gave me my biggest shock was the sight of a loaded wool wagon. At Wheelbar, roads branch to Carrathool, Hay, and Booligal, of 'Hay, Hell and Booligal' fame. The wagon was on where I judged the Booligal road to be—or I should have said in the road. Although the wagon stood on what I knew to be fairly high ground, water was up over its five-foot-span wheels; almost, in fact, up to the high platform. The wagon was hopelessly bogged, probably down to the hubs in mud. Four men were wading, hip-deep or more, poking round the wheels. About twenty yards from them a big cluster of horses stood, rumps turned to the rain. They were packed tight together. So tight you could have walked on their backs. Water bubbled and slapped round them. They formed an island of horseflesh in the angry, restless flood. I guessed there were about seventy of them. Vaguely, beyond them, I saw a further three wagons. But they seemed to be all right. No one was bothering with them. It was the one hull down near the bridge that had all the attention.

Riding towards it, I thought the job of freeing it looked hopeless. Luckily, the four-tiered load of wool bales had not tilted. When it did, the whole lot would capsize and be carried away; probably finish up in a tree top, somewhere down-river.

I had this in mind as the bay plugged closer. Over his pricked ears I stared at the teamsters. I don't suppose you can get any wetter than wet; but when you see four men hip deep and more in water, with heavy rain beating down on them, 'wet' is not very descriptive. I'll say they had gone beyond saturation, and leave it at that. In any case, I wasn't in much better shape myself. Two of the teamsters I knew. One was

Jimmy Smith, a thick, heavy-set man. The other was 'Yacka', a tall, raw-boned bushman, famed for his ability with a whip—the four-foot handle, twelve-foot thong variety that out-back teamsters use. The other two men were strangers to me. All four were well on in their fifties.

### Giving a Hand

The way things are in the bush, nobody speaks much when there's trouble. You are expected to use your eyes. If you want to give a hand, you give it. If not, you push on. Things were rubbing along before you came; they'll rub along after you have gone. That's the general outlook. And that's the way it was at Wheelbar. I sat on my horse and waited. There's not much sense in having an idle chat with a flood ripping underneath you and rain tipped from a bucket belting down on your head. I had the river to swim, but it could wait. Fourteen tons of wool and a table-top wagon mean a lot of money. You can't see it float down the river without making some effort. So I waited, to give a hand with the effort.

It was 'Yacka's' wagon that was bogged. I knew it by the way the wool load was hitched. He had a method all his own; a kind of treble brace, strained through the sheep-shank knots. He spent hours once trying to show me, but I never quite got the hang of it. While I sat and shivered, the four sloshed about, lashing long lengths of rope under the wagon. Over the roar of rain and flood, I heard snatches about 'king-bolt', 'Take the strain off 'er', and so on. By some method or other they were lashing the under fore-carriage to the after axle, and so taking the strain off the giant 'king-pin'. Finally, Jimmy Smith stood up to scratch his soaked head. Rain bounced off his bald dome while he did it. Then he and 'Yacka' waded out in front of the wagon, pushing down with their feet to test the ground. The other two men began to flounder towards the horses. It wasn't hard to guess what was coming, and I reckoned this would be where I'd be needed. When I slid from the bay the water felt warm. I hitched him to the wagon and ploughed after the men.



My guess was right. 'Yacka' had decided to yoke the four teams to his wagon: all seventy-six horses. They had tried two teams before I arrived, but with no luck. Now he was going to use the seventy-six horses, either to shift the wagon or 'tear 'er in 'alf', as he put it.

I don't suppose seventy-six horses have ever been yoked to a wagon before, or since. In dry times the normal team is sixteen, strung out in pairs. In the wet periods eighteen and sometimes twenty are used, yoked in the same manner. But seventy-six must be a record. If they are not, the conditions under which they were yoked must be: over belly deep, in swirling, muddy flood waters.

We led them, chains trailing, a pair at a time to the wagon. 'Yacka' arranged them the way he wanted: a pair of his own, then several pairs of the other teamsters' horses. Placing them in that manner, he had horses that knew his voice all along the great team. Wagon teams are driven by voice, not with reins. The teamster stands away from the horses and calls them.

### The Restless Team Horses

As we built the team, ploughing backwards and forwards, the horses became restless. Those already yoked tried to swing round and huddle in together again. We couldn't get them to stand straight; they wanted to swing their rumps to the rain. The others wanted to stay packed tight for the same reason. We had to squeeze in between them to get to their heads. Some lashed out; others bumped us with their ribs. No team horse is ever fully broken; he is only taught to lead, and have a collar, blinkers and chains slipped on him. For the rest, he is left pretty much to himself—never has his feet picked up,

or anything like that. Shoes are an unknown quantity.

When you get horses of that type, under the conditions we had our seventy-six, things are only middling. There's a lot of bumping and boring going on. And we had trouble keeping our feet. The horses wanted to go one way; we wanted them to go the other. All in all, it wasn't what you'd call cosy. But we made it. We finally had the whole seventy-six strung out in pairs. I took the last half-dozen pairs across, while the rest of the men held the team straight. The last pair were 'Yacka's' leaders. A mare and a gelding that had grown long in the tooth with 'Yacka'. They had obeyed his voice over more miles of track than I'd care to estimate. The gelding's name was Toby; the mare's, Bonny. The pair were massive, in a raw-boned way.

When they were yoked, 'Yacka' told them to ease up; stretch the team out a bit. It was good to see. The two leaned into their collars, and gradually, inch by inch, edged forward until the whole of the team's chains were stretched out tight behind them. Every horse was standing straight, settled into his collar. Then 'Yacka' spat through his teeth and waded away to a distance of about twenty yards. The other three teamsters stayed in spaced stages on the near side of the team. I stayed on the off side, to keep an eye on things there.

Over the rushing water, above the roar of rain and flood, 'Yacka's' deep voice tightened the horses in their collars. 'Toby!', he said. 'Bonny! Wedge up there. Wedge up there, or I'll dust your hides'. For a timeless fraction, I thought the horses hadn't heard him. Then his great voice boomed again. Slowly; so slowly you could see him twitch with the strain, Toby

heaved in his collar. Bonny did the same. Behind them, one after the other, the rest of the team dipped their heads. The chains at their flanks gleamed in the water. Hoof by sucking hoof they strained forward.

### On to Hard Ground

How the chains held, I don't know. How the leather rump spiders held, I don't know either. But I do know that the wagon began to rock, surging through the flood, with a crest on its prow. And 'Yacka' kept the team going. His voice urged them; coaxed them; swore at them. But you could feel his love for the horses straining under his urging. Then, suddenly, the wagon rolled freely. It had reached hard ground and its weight was nothing for the great team. Pounding through the water, they almost bolted. But 'Yacka's' great voice held them, eased them down slowly. Prick-eared under the calling Toby and Bonny eased their pulling. The team behind them slacked off too, without tangling their chains. On past the other three wagons, the team came to a stop. 'Yacka' waded through the water, to take Toby's head. In minutes, we began to unyoke. Still in the driving rain, we yoked them again, each team in its respective wagon. After I had unhitched the big bay, I mounted, and said 'so-long'. The wagons were blurred in the rain sheets when I swam the river.

Over the years, I have often thought about 'Yacka': thought about the wagon bogged in the river's flood; thought, too, about the great team straining. I can't help thinking I've seen something that few have seen; seen, too, the last of the great horsemen. 'Yacka' would be gone now, over the great horizon.—*Home Service*

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### Pressure at Eighteen-plus

Sir,—While one is compelled to agree with Mr. Michael Young's proposition (THE LISTENER, June 2) that a consequence of greater equality of educational opportunity is to secure for Oxbridge the better brains of the country, raising its prestige still further at the expense of the other universities, his own solution is rather vague. A surrender of Oxbridge's 'educational empire' is not something which can flow from any act of abdication by Oxbridge itself. The surrender of this empire can follow only from the surrender by the public of its cherished prejudices. But this would require the jolt of some radical innovation.

There is one measure, at least, which is quite certain to reduce the centripetal force of Oxbridge—a common examination paper in each subject: thus, irrespective of the university at which the student reads he would take the same papers in his chosen subject as the students of any other British university. There will be many objections to such a proposal, but it may need something as drastic as this to break the force of the Oxbridge spiral about which Mr. Young writes.

An interim and more immediately feasible measure is the extension of a practice which

already has the sanction of tradition. Anyone can enter for a first degree of the University of London without attendance. If undergraduates in all British universities were permitted to sit for the degree examination not only of their own universities and of London, but of any other university in the country—so that, for example, an undergraduate at Birmingham might also take an Oxford B.A.—it would surely go far in reducing the scramble for places at Oxbridge, and the disgruntlement and occasional sense of underprivilege that exists in some Redbrick universities. It would also lead to a broadening of the syllabus, more co-operation between universities, and the maintenance of uniformly high standards.

Indeed, if such a scheme were in operation, the most obvious next step would be the adoption of a system whereby all scholarship students were allocated among the different universities according to some formula agreed upon by the universities, but one designed to ensure that Oxbridge did not skim the cream of the country's latent talent.—Yours, etc.,

Tolworth

E. J. MISHAN

Sir,—Much of what Mr. Young had to say about this very difficult problem will be refuted

or supported by suitably qualified people, but in his attempt to express his disapproval of views which are being held by an ever-increasing number of parents Mr. Agate has been guilty of some over-correction—which might almost be labelled distortion—probably due to his knowledge of the 'small Midlands industrial town' and the fact that he is, after all, a grammar-school master and not in a primary school.

The two points which he takes issue on can easily be proved in this large industrial city. First, he denies absolutely that high tables are for the clever, etc. My daughter is a pupil in one of the largest primary schools in Leeds and her progress from Table six to Table four has been accompanied by much anxiety, on her part as well as her parents, especially after her teachers had confided to us that if she could not maintain this progress she might have to 'go down a class'. This should not be taken as proof of my daughter's stupidity: she has yet to attain her sixth birthday while all of her class-mates passed their sixth birth dates during 1959.

Secondly, in these days of the 'look and say' method of learning to read, does Mr. Agate really think any parent is doing his child a favour in trying to teach her by the old spelling



methods, or is he under the impression that the average parent can attempt to pre-teach the 'look and say' method?

As one who was fortunate enough to attend a primary school (L.C.C.) which boasted an average of 80 per cent. scholarship record, I would utterly refute the need to separate children of such tender years into groups. Our teachers gave us all the best they could offer, from the ages of four to eleven, when the examination did any necessary separating. Separating bright from dull in the first few years at primary school is, in my opinion, the main cause for the increasing proportion of illiterates and semi-illiterates finding their way into the world these days; and is in large measure due to laziness of those teachers who concentrate upon the bright sparks only, leaving the rest to muddle on, so long as they keep quiet while doing so.—Yours, etc.,

Leeds, 8

RALPH JEFFERY

Sir,—Before we decide on a proliferation of provincial universities and pass degrees in the vague belief that we need all the graduates we can get to run the welfare state, should we not consider what use is made of Redbrick graduates now?

An Edinburgh don some months ago called attention to the fact that the Home Civil Service, over a period of years, selected very few people from this source for its administrative grade, and that the Foreign Service used none of them. Some Redbrick graduates could give instances of a kind of 'apartheid' in other fields of public service too; pointing out, for instance, that the staffs of the newer universities, as of the older ones, are predominantly Oxbridge; that headships of grammar schools go, surprisingly often, to Oxbridge candidates, including some who have never been to grammar schools; that the administration of state education at the county level is more likely to be in the hands of an Oxbridge man who is not a product of the state system, than of a Redbrick man who is. This is a disquieting state of affairs, considering that even some of the 'new' Redbrick universities are by now at least fifty years old, and that the best of their students include many men and women whom Oxbridge had reluctantly to reject, not on grounds of inferior personality or scholarship, but from lack of room. It is not those who follow vocational courses (agriculture, medicine, engineering, and so on) at Redbrick universities who are liable to come to grief, but those who, having distinguished themselves in the humanities, then find themselves exposed to the same frustrations and bitter disappointments as must beset a clever African who has had to graduate at a black man's university instead of a white man's.

I suggest that our most urgent need in university education is not to extend it to thousands of school children of no academic distinction and then try to devise courses of study suited to their frail appetites, but to find some means of giving society better value than it gets now, from the best material at existing Redbrick universities. At least partly to blame for the present tragic waste are the university teachers who maintain that their students' careers are no concern of theirs. Themselves quietly extracting the last half-pennyworth of vocational value, both from Oxbridge which educated them and from Redbrick which

employs them, they nevertheless persist in preaching a befuddled doctrine to the effect that true education has no vocational affiliations at all. It is an extraordinarily comforting doctrine to hold, in a class-ridden society which may offer your best students nothing better to do than to tell clever white lies about rival washing powders.—Yours, etc.,

St. Austell

FREDA TURNER

### The Interpretation of Science

Sir,—The discussion on the interpretation to the layman of science and the pursuit of science (THE LISTENER, June 9) raised some interesting questions, more in fact than it found corresponding answers. This is perhaps inevitable when the nature of interpretation itself can be understood in such a variety of ways. These, however, may all be regarded generally as conceptual processes, leading to the formation of a family of ideas interrelated in a manner characteristic of the particular science in question.

The process of interpretation of science as knowledge must necessarily follow the fundamental principle of scientific method through reference of the unknown to the known (in the mind of the layman). Interpretation becomes scientific explanation if an adequate basic knowledge can be assumed—an extreme case. Generally interpretation in its proper sphere relates to something short of this.

When a partially adequate conceptual basis may be assumed, one may proceed on this basis, *faute de mieux*, by virtue of a suitable analogy. This is a fertile method when used intelligently and is often employed to provide a 'model' by physicists when breaking fresh ground. Such a procedure when adopted in interpretation is strictly justifiable in the case when logical similarity, in the Russellian sense, exists, to the order in question, between the known and the unknown which is being interpreted. Exact correlation, however, is not at all necessary in order to represent in this way a family of ideas without strict functional conformity. Thus there exist degrees of possible interpretation and comprehension in the mind of the layman, relative to his prior knowledge.

There are, no doubt, some extreme cases where it cannot be assumed that there is even a modicum of abstract knowledge of the structural type necessary for comprehending science by analogy with things already known. Interpretation must then yield place to description, with all the limitations, verbal and otherwise, which this entails. It is reasonable, however, to suppose that the large majority of laymen are sufficiently well equipped for some reasonable degree of interpretation to be possible.

This still leaves unaccounted for the aspect of science considered as an activity. The pursuit of science may, for the purposes of interpretation, be likened to a game of skill. Cricket, for example, is a game with a circumscribed set of rules governing action in the form of skilled activity of mind and body, dependent upon mental and muscular reflexes acquired by practice and habit. Whereas, however, in cricket the rules are fixed arbitrarily by convention and determine the course of events in the game, in science the reverse is the case.

This holds the key to the psychological aspect of the motive, which is to enlarge the science by extending the body of 'rules' or scientific laws, in order to embrace new, or known but recalci-

trant, phenomena. Scientists suitably trained in any particular field may be able after appropriate study of relevant facts to produce relevant hypotheses consistent with theory, providing the basis for possible experimental verification or further work.

It is not to be supposed that the scientifically untrained and possibly untrainable layman could sense directly this activity of the scientist. He may, however, readily understand that, just as normal processes of thought rely upon certain natural faculties, whereby individuals may be classed in their thinking as predominantly either auralizers or visualizers, etc., so, likewise, the scientist has acquired, appropriate to his subject, a new faculty complex of a 'scientific' character which conditions his approach and thinking in a particular scientific field and his general attitude to facts. This may have something in common with the 'new dimension' of thinking which, Dr. Buchdahl suggested, followed from the pursuit of science.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.4

J. W. PERRY

### 'The Grandeur that Was Rome'

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Patrick Marlowe, has, I am afraid, misinterpreted my article on 'The Grandeur that Was Rome' (THE LISTENER, June 2). I have no doubt that the fault is mine, due perhaps to an excess of brevity.

He is good enough to inform me that the Parthenon is not derived from Stonehenge. Of course it wasn't! I was using Stonehenge merely as a simple and familiar example of weight-on-weight or trabeate architecture, of which the Parthenon is the supreme achievement; and in this structural context was trying to emphasize the difference between that achievement and the new problems introduced by the big domes and vaults of the Roman world.

The other matter raised by Mr. Marlowe is my statement that 'the crowning god of the Romans was a Man'. I was naturally referring to the apotheosis of humanity in Christ, and my time-honoured statement stands. Perhaps Mr. Marlowe would re-read the passage.

In his last paragraph Mr. Marlowe charges me with the 'thesis that the Romans were more humanistic than the Greeks'. That is Mr. Marlowe speaking, not I.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

MORTIMER WHEELER

### The Restoration

Sir,—May I register my emphatic disagreement with Mr. D. E. C. Yale's suggestion ('The Law and the Land') that 'the Restoration settlement' is 'an episode in our history of which we should be proud'? My feelings about the Restoration, as they should be with all good Englishmen, are those of the great author of the *Areopagitica* and *Paradise Lost*. John Milton had seen the Commonwealth rise to a grandeur never since attained, even when the British Empire was at the zenith of its power. What then can he have felt when he saw the greatest ruler and leader this country has ever known succeeded by the frivolous and worthless Charles? A man who, in his short life of thirty years, had already cheated his own countrymen (the Scots); abused French hospitality with his assassins, urged on against the Protector; displayed every private vice, and no virtues that I am aware of.



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A stimulating and scholarly series of essays has been published as 'a tribute to the late Cecilia M. Ady' under the title *Italian Renaissance Studies* (Faber, £3 3s.). The editor is E. F. Jacob, Chichele Professor of Modern History at Oxford University, and he has also written the introduction called 'An Approach to the Renaissance'. The studies in the volume include: 'Italy and Barbarian Europe' by Denys Hay, Professor of Medieval History at Edinburgh University; 'Italian Humanism in Western Europe' by Roberto Weiss, Professor of Italian at London University; 'The Early Medici as Patrons of Art' by E. H. Gombrich, Director of the Warburg Institute; 'Maccabean Histories in the Sistine Ceiling' by Edgar Wind, Professor of the History of Art at Oxford (and this year's Reith Lecturer for the B.B.C.); 'Songs of Dance and Carnival' by Sir Maurice Bowra, President of the British Academy; and, 'Latin Verse of the High Renaissance' by John Sparrow, Warden of All Souls College, Oxford. Other essays—all important—are by John Armstrong, D. M. Bueno de Mesquita, Professor Cecil Grayson, J. R. Hale, P. J. Jones, L. F. Marks, Charles Mitchell, Peter Partner, and Nicolai Rubinstein. A biographical note about Mrs. Ady is by J. R. Hale and an index to the whole (so seldom provided in similar *Festschriften* abroad) is by Mrs. Rosamond Leys.





'La Tour Eiffel Rouge', by Robert Delaunay: from the exhibition at the Marlborough Gallery

THE Leicester Galleries have filled three rooms with a retrospective exhibition of Epstein's sculpture and drawings which seems surprisingly comprehensive even though there is only one really large bronze, the figure of Christ executed in 1919, and no carvings. It is his development as a modeller—which, of course, was by far the most important aspect of his talent—that the exhibition illustrates, but the long range of bronzes is well supplemented by drawings, many of them not exhibited before, which give some idea of his early experiments in vorticism abstraction as well as of his assured ability in realistic studies of the nude.

Epstein himself was fully conscious that his natural talent ran counter to the general development of twentieth-century art: 'I believe myself', he said, 'to be a return in sculpture to the human outlook'. In the light of his later work it is his courage in this respect, rather than in his vigorous struggle with an ignorant public who supposed him to be another Picasso, that appears so striking. A lifetime of obstinate adherence to his individual interests and feelings lies behind the wonderful contrast of priest and prophet in the two portraits, so fortunately placed close to each other, of the Archbishop of Canterbury and William Blake; certainly there is no other modern artist who could combine so searching a study of character with so firm and decisive a design. It is instructive to compare these two works, of 1957 and 1959, with the portrait of Mary

# Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

McEvoy of 1910; here also one is fascinated by the character of the sitter, whose pose and gesture exactly reflect the more polite artistic culture of the Edwardian age, but there is scarcely a hint of the commanding energy of the later portraits.

In his new sculpture exhibited at the Hanover Gallery, Reg Butler has settled down to a long series of female nudes in which almost everything is subordinate to an emphasis on the compact roundness of the forms. Sphere and cylinder, looking as if they were compressed within a tightly stretched skin, dominate the figures; hands and feet, since they are too angular for such treatment, become vestigial lumps or are suppressed altogether, the ankles ending in rods while the hands disappear within the hair. Yet these are in no way abstractions; there is always a tense struggle to keep the semblance of humanity, the natural structure and pose of the human figure, apparent within the bonds to which they are subjected. The solution of such a problem may sometimes call for more virtuosity

than feeling and there is undoubtedly an element of exaggeration and caprice in some of Butler's expedients, but there are also sensitive passages of modelling in the more closely observed figures.

Sidney Nolan's recent paintings at Matthiessen's Gallery include a whole series depicting Leda and the swan, some of them against a desert background which is certainly appropriate to an encounter which in these pictures has the same kind of strangeness as the apparition of various historical figures in the Australian landscapes he used to paint. But the landscape, though it often contains a good deal of detail, is less particularized than it used to be and sometimes dissolves into swirls of streaked paint. Nolan seems to be getting absorbed in various technical processes, methods of handling paint which resemble the devices of decorators who imitate marble or the graining of wood, and it is a tribute to the power of his imagination that in spite of all this artifice he can still create and people a world of his own, a new planet in which it is the human beings who appear the astonishing intruders.

Paintings by Pinchus Kremegne, from 1916 to 1959, are shown at the Adams Gallery. A White Russian who has lived in Paris for forty years, he was a close friend of Soutine and in style the two artists have much in common; both use a rich surface of paint, practise much the same kind of expressionist distortion, and handle the brush with a rather similar rhythm. But Kremegne is calm where Soutine was

excited; there is no anguish in his work but instead a quiet richness of colour and a most fastidious use of his medium. He is obviously a born painter with no ambition to be anything else, an artist who knows how to work within the precise range of his talent.

Most of the paintings of Manolis Calliannis at the Lefevre Gallery are Greek landscapes, curiously blanched as if by the Mediterranean sun. With their sweeping brushwork and very loosely indicated forms they are not to be compared with impressionist studies of effects of light, but they do give a brilliant and almost explosive effect of dazzle and glare. Some very free translations of a portrait by Goya are interesting exercises in the application of the same technique to the human figure.

The Marlborough Gallery has an important collection of paintings and drawings from Delacroix to Picasso, the sort of thing that will make any collector's mouth water, but also an exhibition which must give pleasure to any amateur. There is a particularly beautiful interior by Vuillard, a figure by Picasso in his Negro manner, an early and completely successful landscape by Sisley, a cubist Braque, two still-life paintings by Juan Gris, a rather imposing figure composition by Roger de la Fresnaye, and an enchanting little painting of flowers by the Douanier Rousseau. One of Robert Delaunay's paintings of the Eiffel Tower holds the attention; only a born painter could have made a success of something so preposterous and unpictorial.

The exhibition also includes new works by Henry Moore, including an imposing bronze figure of a woman five-feet in height, a most assured piece of stylization. A new painting by Graham Sutherland, 'Hanging Form', is one of his more nightmarish inventions; it represents a sort of chandelier endowed with the horrid life of a robot.

Wildenstein's Gallery is also showing an important and interesting collection, but of old masters as well as new. There is a most exciting little study for an Annunciation by Goya, an admirable Pieter de Hoogh, a good portrait by Greuze, a splendid study of roses by Delacroix, one of Cézanne's groups of bathers with Sancho Panza thrown in, an extremely simple but also extremely beautiful view of Holland by Monet, and a most curious early portrait by Vuillard in the pointillist style.

In commemoration of the centenary of the birth of W. R. Sickert, Rupert Hart-Davis have published a new book on the painter by Lillian Browse (£3 3s.) which replaces her earlier work on the same subject. There is a long new introduction and a new and excellent selection of plates, some in colour, together with notes on each picture and a list of Sickert's works in public collections.



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

**Theory and Design in the First Machine Age.** By Reyner Banham  
Architectural Press. £2 5s.

Reviewed by SIR WILLIAM HOLFORD

THIS IS NOT, as its title might imply, a hand-book produced for the Science Museum, but a penetrating study of the origins and development of the International Style in architecture, and a review of its theorists and practitioners, from Gaudet and Choisy in the latter half of the nineteenth century to Mies van der Rohe and Le Corbusier, who had made their most significant contributions to it by the end of the nineteen-twenties.

The study is very well done. Right at the end it poses the question whether architecture and technology are going to be compatible at all in the Second Machine Age. (This question has, in fact, already been answered by Mies when he asserted that wherever technology reaches its real fulfilment, it transcends into architecture.)

Throughout the book Dr. Banham also plays a superb game of History-of-Artmanship. To one who is not an art historian the opening chapters, in particular, are exasperating, with their footnotes, their allusions to *dramatis personae* more numerous than in a novel by Tolstoy, and their continuous quotations. But even the layman becomes fascinated in time by the skilfulness of the play. Dr. Banham treads delicately but securely on the toes, the laps, sometimes the faces, of other historians and critics, including Giedion, Sartoris and Mumford, in his climb towards the truth. He points out, quite convincingly, that the architecture of the nineteen-twenties was loaded with symbolic meanings, and that it is utterly inadequate to describe it simply as Functionalism.

In the process of getting to know the characters and their critics, the reader is rewarded by a number of illuminating observations on the nature of architecture. Auguste Choisy, for example, thought of Greek woodwork as 'a piling up pure and simple, a veritable masonry of wood', and compared this with Indian architecture in which 'the stone is put to work in the manner of wood . . . a carpentry of stone'.

Dr. Banham describes Tony Garnier's plan for his *Cité Industrielle* as 'Sitte with the serpentines taken out', and tells of a conversation with André Lurçat in which the latter explained how embarrassing it was to young progressive architects of the early 'twenties to have to explain away Garnier's prizewinning design for a state banking house that sent him to the French Academy at Rome in 1899. His Pauline conversion is then contrasted with the career of Auguste Perret who left the *Beaux-Arts* in 1895 to join his father's contracting business, and soon after made reinforced concrete an aesthetically acceptable material. And so to the *Werkbund* in Germany, to Sant'Elia and Futurist architecture, to *De Stijl* in Holland, and back to Paris with the Cubists and Le Corbusier.

The last section of the book, and perhaps the most effective, describes the Berlin School, the Bauhaus, the influence of Gropius and Moholy-

Nagy, and the functional and non-functional characteristics of two masterpieces of the period—the German Pavilion at the Barcelona Exhibition of 1929 (by Mies van der Rohe), and Le Corbusier's house for the Savoye family at Poissy-sur-Seine, completed in 1930 (and now, alas, almost derelict). In a brilliant final chapter the author shows how rich they are 'in the associations and symbolic values current in their time'; and then, by reference to the work of later technological designers of cars and aeroplanes and the Dymaxion house, demonstrates the failure of the International Style to convey its meaning outside the special conditions of the First Machine Age, when automobiles were still 'visibly comparable to the Parthenon'.

**The Scottish Reformation.** By Gordon Donaldson. Cambridge. 30s.

A good modern account of the Scottish Reformation, summarizing recent work and stressing new perspectives, has long been needed; here that need is splendidly fulfilled. Dr. Donaldson is less concerned to relate the story than to understand it; more particularly he wants to demolish a variety of venerable partisan distortions. Traditional accounts of 1560 present a picture either of Antichrist overthrown by one Presbyterian thunderclap, or of the disastrous triumph of a terrible lapse over a living and lovable old Church. That neither of these views has much to do with the evidence is demonstrated in Dr. Donaldson's cool, searching and occasionally ironic pages. He shows that the medieval Church in Scotland was, if anything, more decayed than elsewhere: more tied up with lay exploitation and spiritual abuses. He also shows that the Reformation of 1560 had been coming for a long time and did not produce anything like the immediate Calvinist paradise of legend. Instead it set up, in perhaps the most extraordinary ecclesiastical arrangement of the century, an established reformed Church side by side with the old organization fully preserved, the former living on one third of the total endowments the rest of which went to the supplanted body.

Scotland, in fact, lets one see what was likely to happen when the Reformation hit a country weak in central control, managed by contending great families, and possessed of a Church whose wealth belonged in large part to those families. In 1560, it appears, John Knox and Calvinism mattered rather less than such powers as Huntly, Argyll, even Steward, and the rest; what emerged was an idiosyncratic system of compromises which could hardly have been expected to endure. Dr. Donaldson traces their fate through the Regent Morton's attempt to approximate to something like the English Church settlement to the arrival and half-victory of true Presbyterianism in the hands of Andrew Melville, and in the process he makes very plain how much this second-generation programme differed from the views of the original reformers.

If it is true that an account of the Scottish Reformation which never shows John Knox in action must make one wonder, and that altogether, perhaps, Dr. Donaldson's determina-

tion to stay detached makes the whole story appear excessively secular, it must also be said that he has evidently put the stress where it belongs. This is what really happened—a case history of unusual interest, and a worthy memorial 400 years after the event. Or rather, as Dr. Donaldson so rightly reminds us, approximately 400 years after a series of events.

G. R. ELTON

**Robert Bridges and Gerard Hopkins, 1863-1889: A Literary Friendship.**

By Jean-Georges Ritz. Oxford. 21s.

Professor Ritz's book, a thesis for a Sorbonne doctorate, has a shape and quality not often found in works written for university purposes. If it adds little that is essentially new even to judgments already expressed, it is nevertheless an unprejudiced and judicious exploration of this momentous friendship. He emphasizes the truth that the mutual affection and firm-based confidence of Bridges and Hopkins in each other 'were enriched by the very differences they could discover in themselves: each drew from the other some of the qualities he lacked'. Rightly he recognizes that 'no one could compete with Bridges for the first place in Hopkins's heart: to no other did the Jesuit poet show so much warmth and tenderness of sentiment'. By pertinent examples he shows how the poetry of each profited greatly from the example and experiment of the other.

Professor Ritz uses his material with skill and discretion, eliciting agreement, never imposing judgment. Besides the poems his main documents are, of necessity, the three volumes of Hopkins's *Letters*, patiently studied; but he is well acquainted with the contemporary scene and texts (such as the memoirs of Dolben, Dixon and Henry Bradley) relevant to his theme. He discusses at length the attitude of Bridges to Hopkins's poetry and religion, examines calmly his 'delay' in publishing the volume of 1918 and the probable reasons for the destruction of his own letters to Hopkins and Dixon (if we can be certain they are destroyed), and while lamenting his failure to write a memoir of Hopkins is conscious that 'no memoir however finely penned could have done for Hopkins what the editing of his poems achieved so efficiently'.

It is a pleasure to read a volume that shows, particularly in its capable review of Bridges as man, friend, and poet, how far we are removed from the venomous disparagement, now fortunately atoned for, of earlier Jesuit critics mortified by his devotion to a poet their Society had hardly been aware of. Removed too from the resentment of certain writers that a man of independent means much favoured by fortune, who stressed the joy of life and the felicity of love, should also have the audacity to be a poet and the 'dearest' friend of their idol. It is no longer necessary to decry Bridges to admire Hopkins: in many ways their virtues are complementary.

Since we have been promised both an early and a later (Jesuit) *Life* of Hopkins it is probable that this friendship, so central to both, may yet



be documented more fully. The beginnings at Oxford are still sketchy. When Professor Ritz says of the two undergraduates, 'They knew they could confide in each other; they knew that there existed between them an unexplained, unexplainable but absolute love', he claims at that early date far too much. More attention might profitably be given to pre-Oxford experience, particularly to the contrast between the Eton of Bridges (and all it meant to him) and the Highgate of Hopkins. A few minor corrections may also be offered to Professor Ritz. It is inaccurate to state baldly 'Walter Pater was Hopkins's tutor'. There is no justification for the statement 'for the editing of Dixon's poetry Bridges acted on the same principle as he did for Hopkins's': Dixon's chief poems were long ago published and Bridges undertook no 'necessary edition' of them but only a selection and a slight collection of *Last Poems*. That Hopkins's 'red' letter was no encouragement to intimacy is obvious, but to call it 'the major incident' in the friendship is unfortunate. The note (page 138) dealing with Hopkins's objection to the language of Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* is not helpful. Whether valid or not he clearly states his case against the Elizabethan or uncontemporary English. Finally, would it not be well to omit the words *A Literary Friendship* from the title page? As the book abundantly shows, that was only part of the matter.

It would be a pity if Walter Rayleigh's Barri-like phrase about the Bridges of Chilswell—'delightfully grumpy'—should become current. Professor Ritz quotes it with approval. He also quotes the words of 'a recent anonymous critic' about Bridges: 'To be with him was to recognize a great and lovable man as well as a poet—a fastidious aristocrat, staunch in his affections, outspoken in his loyalties'. Those are either my own words or so strangely close to my own experience that I should like them to be mine.

C. COLLEER ABBOTT

### Romans. By Michael Grant and Don Pottinger. Nelson. 15s.

Here is a companion volume to the same authors' *Greeks* (1958). In fewer than sixty pages, each embellished by amusing marginal drawings, maps and diagrams, it tells the story of Rome's achievements and influence from her beginnings down to the fall of Byzantium, and on, through the Renaissance, to an eternity threatened only by the barbarism and forgetfulness of our own age. This is the era of information by pictures, and the authors make no apology for adopting what is in effect a highly civilized comic-strip technique. Indeed, in their preface they observe that films about ancient Rome are right at least in being highly coloured and theatrical, 'even if sometimes sketchy about pedantic details such as the order of events'—a fault from which ancient historians were themselves not immune.

This lively and erudite guide-book is written in prose which cleverly combines the maximum amount of information with the minimum number of words, and reminds one occasionally of *Time* magazine, as the adjectives are piled up for each lightning-sketch: example, 'charming, tortuous, murderous, half-Hellenised Iranian imperialist Mithridates of Pontus'. About the reliability of the facts thus conveyed the reader need feel no anxiety, though naturally he must

make allowance for some omission and much simplification; while the speed of the narrative sometimes produces an impression of events rushing past like telegraph-poles seen from a train window. However, a glance at the dates given at the foot of each page will remind the reader which station he has got to. Now and then, he is allowed to get out and stretch his legs for a moment to contemplate the political or literary landscape.

Potted background, then; but also an entertaining essay in its own right. It would make an ideal present for a boy just starting on the classics (while there still are any), or a convenient refresher-course-cum-crib for fathers. And behind the light touch there are seriousness and passion. In their last sentence, the authors remind us that Rome's 'mighty and many-sided contribution' to Western civilization 'has never been forgotten by any century before the twentieth—which will be the weaker if it severs itself from this great heritage'. Other centuries, Janus-like, could face both ways, could look to the future without forgetting the past. Only ours is too arrogant, too stupid and too lazy for this dual discipline. The authors also refer, in their preface, to a famous (or once-famous) passage of Virgil, *Aeneid* VI, 847-853, 'of which the beauty is in itself sufficient argument for learning Latin'. Sufficient no longer: our educators (as they would wish and deserve to be called) are now doing their best to ensure that Latin, for two thousand years Europe's master-key to order and beauty, shall survive (outside the Catholic Church) only on the incomprehensible labels of chemists and botanists. In its small way this book is a reminder of the extent of our folly as well as Rome's achievement.

K. W. GRANSDEN

### The Art of Writing. By André Maurois. Bodley Head. 18s.

I do not know what André Maurois's status as a writer is in France. As an Anglophile, a novelist, critic and biographer of peculiar charm and grace, he should be respected in a rather special way in this country: above all, it is as a Frenchman that he should be listened to. We can never do without the two great gifts of France to the world—claret and *clarté*; the spirit of both is to be found in M. Maurois's mature wisdom and in his luminous style. It should be added that in the present collection of essays he is singularly fortunate in his translator, for there can be no one better practised than Gerard Hopkins in rendering in English the finer shades of the French language. This, we feel, is how M. Maurois would write if he wrote in English.

We have here six essays on the great French novelists from Rousseau to Proust; four on the nineteenth-century Russian novel; one on Goethe, and one on Leopardi. M. Maurois specializes in a highly personal and highly readable kind of bio-criticism which aims at understanding a writer through his life as well as his art. He has three essential gifts of a great critic—the imaginative sympathy of a fellow-writer, the understanding which comes of wide reading and long contemplation, and the desire to convey to others the aesthetic pleasure which literature has given him. He is refreshingly free from critical jargon and critical arrogance. The greatness of his subjects—Stendhal, Chekhov,

and the rest—is a guarantee against the danger of over-enthusiasm. The effect of this book is to make the reader long for sufficient leisure to explore or re-explore the pages so eloquently discussed. I know of no single volume which would be a better guide to the nineteenth-century French and Russian novel.

M. Maurois prefaces these essays with a long account of 'The Writer's Craft'. This is of special interest as coming from a creative writer; being a Frenchman, M. Maurois has a love of artistic discipline, aphorisms and maxims.

Composition has features which are common to all the arts, and the author can learn as much about his business in the concert hall as in the library.

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It only remains to say that this is a perfectly produced book and, as it is reasonably priced, it is also one to possess.

JAMES REEVES

### The Private Papers of Hore-Belisha Edited by R. J. Minney. Collins. 30s.

This is an excellent book, a fascinating case history for all who wish to study that perennially absorbing theme—the relationship between the 'brass-hats' and the 'frocks'. Mr. Minney has made admirable use of Hore-Belisha's diary and letters, in general allowing his subject to tell his own story. But wherever he makes a comment it is sensible and illuminating—a model of the way this sort of thing should be done.

Hore-Belisha's career at the War Office (with which Mr. Minney is solely concerned—and rightly) began in May 1937 when he was forty-three and ended with his sudden dismissal two and a half years later. Thereafter he fades out of politics. Long before his premature death in 1957 he had become a forgotten man. He entered on his task at the War Office with the determination to go down to history as a second Haldane or Cardwell. His achievement was by no means negligible, but he never rivalled their success. What were the reasons? One which has escaped most critics is that both his eminent predecessors operated in a reforming climate. The Gladstone administration of 1868-74, and the Campbell-Bannerman-Asquith régime a generation later go down to history as the two greatest periods of radical change in the last hundred years. There was an atmosphere of reform; the diehard generals expected something disagreeable to happen and were not unduly dismayed when it did. But this was certainly not the climate of the nineteen-thirties.

Moreover there was another difference. It has been admitted even in military circles that the Crimean and Boer wars revealed alarming defects in the entire British army system. Cardwell and Haldane had powerful military supporters for their reforms, e.g., Wolseley and Haig. No similar admissions were made about the Great War—at all events none on the level from which Hore-Belisha drew official advice.





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fact he was never able to come to terms with the generals and he made matters no better by posing as his unofficial counsellor Captain Eddell Hart, friend of Lloyd George and architect of the strategy in the 1914-18 war. Duff Cooper, his predecessor, in sharp contrast had published a highly favourable biography of Haig. The truth is that no war minister will achieve much unless like Haldane he can persuade his official advisers. Unable to do this, Hore-Belisha impatiently dismissed most of the Army Council. Certainly he had provocation: the C.I.G.S., Everell, was a maddening obstructionist. But

Hore-Belisha could never risk a second purge and it was vital to replace the dismissed generals with officers whose views were reasonably close to his own radical outlook—a Montgomery or an Alanbrooke. Instead he chose Gort, apparently because he was a V.C. and a viscount, and then Ironside who, on the evidence of this book, seems to have been an intriguer of the first water. When they turned against him he was ruined.

The precise reasons for his final dismissal are still obscure. Naturally his papers do not reveal exactly what arguments were used by the hier-

archy to prevail with Neville Chamberlain nor the real nature of their grievance against him. Basically, however, it is clear enough where his failure lay. To the top soldiers he seemed to be committing the unforgivable sin of appealing over their heads to junior officers and other ranks. Whereas Haldane had discreetly regaled the Army Council with claret and cigars, Hore-Belisha had got himself photographed drinking beer in the Sergeants' Mess. The wind of change in the intervening thirty years had not blown as far as that.

ROBERT BLAKE

## New Novels

**Point of Stress.** By Keith Colquhoun. Hamish Hamilton. 13s. 6d.

**Mr. Love and Justice.** By Colin MacInnes. MacGibbon and Kee. 15s.

**The Right to an Answer.** By Anthony Burgess. Heinemann. 16s.

**The Numbered Account.** By Ann Bridge. Chatto and Windus. 16s.

IN THE AFTERMATH of the 'summit', at least one publisher has scored a brilliant bull's-eye. Mr. Keith Colquhoun's new novel is of much the same length as his earlier book, *The Money Tree*—that is to say, in the 180-page class. But good-bye to Brighton art deals this time! Mr. Colquhoun has struck out for a very different and a more ambitious territory. In *Point of Stress* he has achieved a Voltairean skit of a high order.

The scene is a U.S. missile site in the Norfolk village of Honeysucklekay. The time I judge to be circa 1963. The site is due to open and the local Aldermaston set has been alerted. Before we get us down to East Anglia on location, Mr. Colquhoun's camera eye pans over to the U.S. Embassy in Grosvenor Square, where Colonel George Watney, the site commander, is about to hold a rather undistinguished press conference:

On Friday, the day of the conference, Watney overhauled himself with special care. He took his shower hotter than normal. He cleaned his fingertips with lemon juice and put cream deodorant between the divisions of his toes. He opened a new box of talc and a new bottle of after-shave and he waited until after breakfast to put on his uniform so that it should stay fresh as long as possible. And when he got to his office he gave his voice a work-through.

'My name is Watney', he said into the tape recorder. 'Colonel George Watney'. He lowered his voice. 'Of the United States Air Force, based in England'. A pause. 'In England of which, without doubt, there will always be one'. Watney looked around. On his desk there was an illuminated text in a gilt frame. It said: 'I am a Christian. I am a soldier. I am a father'. Watney spoke into the recorder again: 'I am a Christian, so I must test each decision I make with the question: is it a Christian decision? I am a soldier, so I must keep myself alert in the defence of my country. I am a father, so I must be careful that my actions are suitable models for my children'. A pause. 'Three blind mice. Three mice with white walking sticks'. A pause. 'Here is the note do. Dooooooooooooo'.

I have quoted this longish opening extract in full because I think that, from the very outset, it gives the full ironic flavour of the book—a flavour that is beautifully sustained right up to the end. Several of my reviewing colleagues, while congratulating the author on his wit, inventiveness and lively style, have commented on the tenuous plot of this novel. Here I think

they are mistaken. The very indefiniteness of Mr. Colquhoun's conclusions in this book is surely part of a deliberate artistic intention. In an age of space missiles, who can be definite about anything, let alone the eventual shapes of human relationships! Mr. Colquhoun has contrived the second best tragi-comedy of the season. His book is the young man's runner-up to Mr. L. P. Hartley's *Facial Justice*. This is by any account no mean achievement.

*Point of Stress* is the counterblast to Mr. Constantine FitzGibbon's recent clever but maniacal account of what is in store for this island. (The more I think about *When the Kiss- ing Had to Stop*, the wickeder its train of inner reasoning becomes.) It has the cleansing sanity of *Candide* and of the best of Bernard Shaw. One is left feeling in better heart for reading it. Mr. MacInnes's *Mr. Love and Justice*, by contrast, seduces by its prose but ends by depressing the reader to a point where mental conflict can only be resolved by confrontation with the material. Here, for a moment, I must become personal. On pages 110-111 of this fable of ponces and the police there is an evocative description of Stepney in the early morning that is as good as anything that Mr. MacInnes has ever written—and that, as his readers know, is saying a good deal. Having read this passage in the early morning, at least one reader was fired to take a 6 a.m. tube to Stepney Green and traverse that square mile behind Commercial Road that lies between Batty Street and the ill-famed Cockney Café. It is as drab and as beautiful as Mr. MacInnes describes it. Some two hours later, I thumbed a lorry-lift to the West India Dock. They were just coming in to work, walking four abreast, some on bicycles and motor-scooters, some in little cars. The effect was of a sublime decency—a decency that quite effaced the ugly impressions of the past two hours. My only criticism of Mr. MacInnes's haunting and finely written book is that he has left this background out of account. It should be there, even if only by implication. As an admirer of Zola, I have no quarrel with documentary fiction. But Mr. MacInnes's book is a wayward documentary daydream. Its gains and its losses must be measured in terms of this.

Since on the next occasion we shall be appreciating Mr. Anthony Powell's new novel, which will, of course, require almost a chapter to itself,

something in the nature of a round-up may be attempted at this point. Mr. Anthony Burgess's *The Right to Answer* is one of the slickest and wittiest novels I have read for a long time. It gains by being set in an uncommon milieu—a dim Midland subtopia, excellently rendered—and by its having a thoroughly likable and credible narrator-hero. J. W. Denham, prosperous expatriate executive, is a younger, less individualized Mr. Pinfold. Like Mr. Pinfold, he loathes the contemporary scene. As he remarks with breezy disarmingness on page 3 of his record:

I don't want to preach, I want to tell a story, but I have to make this point. You definitely can't have both. What makes for stability is neither here nor there, but once you lose it you suffer. I think Hobbes had this idea, but I mention that name very diffidently because of the usual stupid misunderstanding in the club the other night when everybody thought I was talking about cricket. You suffer from the mess, the great democratic mess in which there's no hierarchy, no scale of values, everything's as good—and therefore as bad—as everything else. . . . It's a mess. But the horror is that you can get used to rancid food, used to a mess. It catches up on you, however. Mithridates must have been the only poison-eater to die old. Those who blaspheme against stability don't last very long.

Mr. Burgess—not so much in this airy passage, but in the galaxy of picaresque characters that he has arranged round his protagonist—is clearly out of the Smollett stable. He is an excellent judge of human horseflesh. Though his up-and-coming Babu barrister, Mr. Raj, is unworthy of the late F. A. Anstey, in some of his other characterizations he attains the velocity of a kind of supersonic Pritchett. One awaits his next novel with a very pleasurable interest.

'Julia was fascinated by these glimpses of international finance, about which, like most people, she knew nothing'. Like Julia, I am ignorant and fascinated in the same way. *The Numbered Account* is Miss Ann Bridge's fifteenth novel. She has long demonstrated her competence as a craftsman, but she has never written anything as absorbing as this cleverly spun thriller about high-powered banking in Zürich. A good plot, a pleasing heroine, and a happy issue out of afflictions. A book for Serendip, surely?

JOHN RAYMOND



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

## DOCUMENTARY

### Good News

AS I NEAR the end of my tenure (I say nothing of my tether), it strikes me that I have so far quite ignored the very documentary of documentary—the News and the newsreaders. Not to specify more closely, there was once a time when neither of these were quite all they should be. But those early troubles are long past. Of the News itself, with its complex make-up of reader, film, and live interview, one can only say (I think) that its daily recurrence, up to the minute and smooth without ever becoming mechanical, is something of a small miracle. The selection of items (as distinct from their exemplary treatment) might be questioned no doubt on philosophical grounds, but probably represents the best available compromise between what people want to hear and what they ought to hear—a far better compromise, for instance, than that achieved by the large-circulation newspapers.

As to the readers, a much trickier middle-course has to be laid out for them, between the Scylla of cold unfriendly efficiency on the one hand and the awful Charybdis of 'personality' on the other. I am overwhelmed with cumulative admiration for the manner in which this course is unfailingly steered. It is of course Charybdis that is the desperate danger. The whole false concept of 'personality' is one of the endemic evils of the medium—I mean the notion that personality is something applied from the outside, something that you bring with you to your tasks and is then of such virtue that it excuses you from doing them properly, rather than something which emerges without ostentation, between the lines as it were, from the act of doing. I certainly do not mean that the newsreaders have no personalities, in the proper sense; on the contrary, they are most individual and marked. Yet they come across purely from what at first

sight might appear to be an impersonal act, the clear and unforced reading of paragraphs of fact. By their comparative detachment they succeed in being so impressively themselves that I think the present tendency should be watched carefully, which applies them to less disinterested tasks (the 'plugging' of forthcoming attractions) or encourages them to tell us, in confidence, what *they* thought of the previous item.

Their excellence is all the more striking when they are compared with their brothers and sisters, the compères and commères. I hate to be so ungallant but there is not a single female announcer whom I, speaking now purely personally, could rate as better than just bearable.



'Panorama' on June 13: Dr. Keith Glennan (right), Head of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in Washington, with Richard Dimbleby

Why should this be? One possible cause is that all these young ladies are very pretty; and it is a natural, but none the less deplorable, habit of pretty young ladies to think less about what they are saying than about how they hope they look while they are saying it. The gentlemen, on the other hand, will not object to the suggestion that they are well-groomed rather than glamorous: 'homely' is, I think, about the mark. They have in fact been chosen for the right reasons; among which facial charm does not figure. Might it not be a good idea to extend this principle to both sexes?

Drawing by Feliks Topolski of Stirling Moss, shown when he was interviewed 'Face to Face' with John Freeman on June 12



As for the interviewers, compères, and the like, most, as we know, are professional and workmanlike, but when we come to the dregs, the real personality-boys, I dare say most of us could name a couple who for sheer oiliness, cockiness, and stupidity—b— let us get on with the Week.

It has not been a fat one. The 'Face to Face' with Stirling Moss (June 12) took on an unhappy retrospective urgency six days later when he answered questions, which centred mostly upon fear and money, with a surprising fluency and self-objectivity. A good 'Panorama' (Monday) was enterprising on satellites, sensational on the Loch Ness monster. The 'Life Before Birth' series started with promising steadiness and bodes well. 'Master Diver', with Johnny Morris (June 15), was fair low-pressure entertainment, but Tony Soper is too good a camera-man to waste on this sort of thing.

The film (some years old now, but happily resuscitated) of 'The First Australians' (June 17) was strangely beautiful and evocative, like a peep-

hole opened into our own stone-age past, but the accompanying excerpts from Peter Finch's diary of the expedition were less happy. It may sound a hard saying, but 'poetical' writing is an extremely specialized craft best left to the craft of professionals known as poets and not to be acquired for the mere wanting.

Jacqueline Mackenzie ('Discovering America') continues to smirk at her own jokelets of alternate Tuesdays. She is billed as 'inimitable Speremus'.

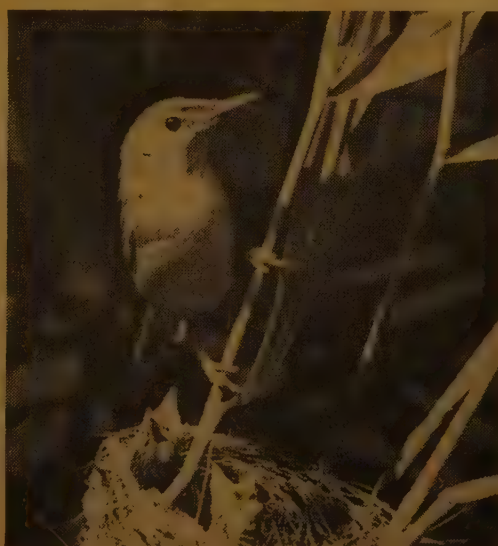
HILARY CORKE



John Cura

A new-born sea-horse, still attached to the yolk-sac on which it will continue to feed for a few days: seen in 'Life before Birth' on June 14

Right: reed warblers, the subject of a film by Christopher Mylne in 'Look' on June 16



Eric Hosking

## DRAMA

### 'The Insect Play'

*The Insect Play*, the brothers Capek's fearsome allegory in which human society is reflected too closely in the lives of our greatest biological rivals, has repeatedly proved itself a natural radio work: everybody knows what ants, beetles, and butterflies look like, and the invitation to link them with their two-legged counterparts can give the imagination an exercise it never forgets. But what happens when the play is made visible? A disembodied voice can easily shuttle between the frontiers of the human and the insect world: how can the allegory retain its potency when the characters are restricted to costume?

It can be done. I remember a school production, for instance, that succeeded by means of brilliant stylization, the insects appearing in modern dress roughly equivalent to the characteristics (black mackintoshes for



beetles; golfing suits for the crickets), each species adhering to a strictly choreographed range of movement—a capricious lateral hop for the crickets, and a spindle-legged, high-stepping gait for the murderous ichneumon fly, clad in morning suit and top hat.

This may not have been how the authors envisaged the play, but it is as a better way out of difficulties than the hit-and-miss approach Hal Burton adopted for his 'Twentieth Century Theatre' production. Mr. Burton confidently set stylization aside and tried to dodge production problems by relying on 'the medium's resources' as they are grandly called. But how pitifully meagre these camera tricks are. How often we have seen that manikin in lights pirouetting on the bridge of Max Jaffa's violin. The extent to which this device aided the production may be judged from a single example. After a scene in which the butterflies disported themselves in human size, one of them fluttered over to the lamp to deliver the line, 'Are you a butterfly?', a question made nonsensical by the speaker's abrupt reduction to the dimensions of an insect.

One could prolong the list of such detailed objections. The two beetles entered, rolling their wheels. The pile has two properties—at one level it is a mass of filth; at another it is mankind's enslavement to acquisition. Either way, it is heavy and takes some pushing. But the spherical object in the production was obviously a large rubber ball which responded elastically when nudged and started rolling away when left to itself.

Such confusion over details was symptomatic of a lack of any consistent idiom. Insects are ineffective subjects for allegory because their features are sharply defined: Mr. Burton dressed them up in ugly, masked costumes which made them all look alike and left them unprovided with any resource of disciplined movement representative of their species. The cast, perfunctorily waving their flippers from time to time, never departed far enough from humanity to be in a position to comment on it. It would



Two of the butterflies (Ronnie Stevens as Felix and Elvi Hale as Iris) in *The Insect Play* by Josef and Karel Capek, on June 19

be nice to think that this elaborate production was a determined effort to present an expressionist work naturalistically; but carelessness seems the likelier cause of its inadequacy.

Maisie Sharman's *Late Harvest* (June 16), the one new play of the week, began as an insipid Welsh pastoral and grew into a raw Celtic melodrama. It was a welcome development. The first sight of Wyn, leaning ruminatively over a farm gate, had inescapable associations with a well-known advertisement for margarine, and what followed—Wyn's home life with a harsh, skinflint father, and his rustic courting scenes—seemed equally unpromising. Then Miss Sharman tightened her grip. No heart of gold was to be grudgingly admitted by the old man; only an ever-increasing vindictiveness. The uneasy truce of the opening broke into open warfare, bitterly concluded by the son's buying his father out and taking possession. Somewhere one of Miss Compton-Burnett's characters says: 'To understand is to forgive, and that would spoil everything'. Tolerance has been the ruin of many a good melodrama, and I am glad that Miss Sharman did not give in to it. The early scenes of Dafydd Gruffydd's production slowed

down the text almost to extinction, but there was a raspingly villainous performance of the father by Pryor Williams, and, as the broodingly revengeful wife, Rachel Thomas delivered her blunt, decisive lines like axe blows at the roots of a tree.

'Saturday Playhouse', it is reassuring to notice, continues on its upward curve. Somerset Maugham's *The Breadwinner* was given a spirited production by Harold Clayton, the lines spitting with compressed fury. Mr. Maugham has a reputation for seeing all and forgiving all, but as a playwright he is at one with Miss Compton-Burnett and never lets omniscience get in the way. *The Breadwinner*

is not his best play: it is broken too much into self-contained duologues, and grows repetitive in the last act. But its very narrowness and obsessional hammering away at one point is also its strength. The twin aspects of cannibalistic female vanity—that of the wife and the would-be mistress—were played with exquisite vulnerability by Margaret Courtenay and Heather Chasen. Brian Reece played the errant head of the household with the quietly secure aplomb of an actor who knows he has the playwright on his side.

On the *Bright Side*, returning with the summer (June 14), still retains too much material (e.g., a Noël Coward parody) that has filtered down from the world of intimate revue and reaches the screen in a debased form. But when they get a sketch as good as last week's road test for road hogs, Betty Marsden and Stanley Baxter are worth five minutes of anybody's time.

IRVING WARDLE

### Sound Broadcasting

## DRAMA

### Lewd Rakehells

PLAYS OF ANY considerable length or age or reputation for impropriety are normally broadcast only on the Third Programme. It saves them from being censored to prevent a fuss, or trimmed down so that nobody may be bored. But it also means that some of the finest work produced in sound radio is limited to a minority audience. The production of William Wycherley's *The Country-Wife* (Third, June 14) was superbly done and should be repeated with hullabaloo soon on both other services. Space could easily be cleared, but the odds are that it will turn up again unheralded, still on the Third, in November. Hence the retreat of sound radio.

The shock of the opening of the play in which Mr. Horner (Clive Revill) pretends to be impotent for the better secret pursuit of mistresses has given *The Country-Wife* a sad name for indecency with puritanical critics. Of course the comedy is by no means a moral tract in disguise, but the point of the play is not the ancient and now dead joke of cuckoldry, though Pinchwife's mean jealousy and Sir Jasper Fidget's stupid cunning are duly punished. The game of gallantry is played between teams of the sexes equally matched for vanity and lack of morals. The artificial society has some odd echoes even of the conventions of the courts of love. On the men's side there are fops and would-be wits like Mr. Sparkish (Anthony Jacobs) calling each other 'dear rogue' and kissing, and on the women's side a gang virtuous in public speech only—Mrs. Dainty Fidget (Sylvia Coleridge) and Mrs. Squeamish (Nan Munro).

But though the men are well denounced as lewd rakehells, filthy toads, and the like, they are negligible in plainness of speech and purpose when compared with the sophisticated town-wife Lady Fidget (Edith Evans) and the quick-learning country-wife Mrs. Margery Pinchwife (Joan Plowright). Alone and with her followers Lady Fidget was beautifully lucid and dogmatic about what every woman of quality knows about husbands, lovers, reputation, honour, and the censorious world. And Mistress Pinchwife was wholly delightful, countrified but no hoyden, innocently reciting her admiration of the playmen and fond enough of her jealous husband—



Scene from Somerset Maugham's *The Breadwinner* on June 18, with (left right) William Kendall as Alfred Granger, Brian Reece as Charles Battle, Scot Finch as Patrick Battle, Margaret Courtenay as Margery Battle, and Patricia Garwood as Judy Battle



'my own dear bud and I know you'—but a quick conspirator when in love. How much of the life of these two performances could be read in a text I don't know and am too grateful to be inquisitive.

Charles Lefeaux's production was vigorous and properly stagy when the plot needed it, but there was no forcing of the pace or emphasis in any of the music-like wit-combats for three or four voices. There was, in fact, a drinking song for the ladies which did not come off. But this was a small thing. What matters is that one was left with a set of pictures in the mind, not of a dusty stage with screens for hiding behind and players over-wigged but of a torch in the Piazza, of masks in theatre boxes, and of dancing. The practice of having an act interval with music in longer plays works satisfactorily and could be extended.

I found *Thy Children in Darkness*, by Geoffrey Household (Home, June 13), difficult to follow. The early placing in time of the fantasy of a post-atomic-age England, in which barbarians in a native reserve and new settlers who have retained patriotic sentiments together resist a materialistic world civilization, was clumsily done. There were good jokes about cricket, beer, aristocracy, women's institutes, and witchcraft, and rousing sentiments about landscape and liberty. But the serious point of the play escaped me.

*The Song of Crazy Horse*, by Alex Ferguson (Home, June 15), was clear enough in purpose, and the destruction of the power of the Sioux in 1877 made an interesting elegiac theme. But the pathetic oratory, drums, chanting, pony hoofs, and wind effects were far too relentless and unrelieved.

FREDERICK LAWS

## THE SPOKEN WORD



### The Point of Criticism

I MUST ENTER A PROTEST against commentators, interviewers, announcers, link-men, anchor-men and all the glorious company of contemporary communications pronouncing the definite article before a consonant as though it were spelt "thee". Mr. George Scott—an otherwise admirable questioner—erred grievously in this regard ("Workshop", Home), and I would have him, and all others, mend it.

These fifty-seven words represent one-fifth of the comment accorded to sound broadcasting in one of the more serious Sunday newspapers. Whether or not they are criticism is quite another matter. They do, however, make a point that urgently needs making, and I welcome the chance to make it here.

Anyone who troubles to read the criticism of radio will have noticed two inescapable facts. In the first place, it is given insultingly little space. *The Sunday Times* accords it 250 words—the space accorded to a third-rate book—in a paper of forty pages. *The Observer* accords it 330 words in a thirty-two page issue. *The Times* reviews occasional plays, but I cannot even remember when it last paid attention to a feature programme. *The Spectator* reviews television, but not radio. And not only is sound broadcasting given negligible attention, but it is usually discussed by critics who are blatantly out of sympathy with its aims or achievements. It is a strange fact that while music critics have an affection for music, and literary critics sometimes enjoy reading books, and art critics take a certain pleasure in looking at sculpture or pictures, the radio critic is nearly always disappointed and cynical. It is true that the need to compress one's comments in a kind of Procrustean bed is apt to produce some ill-formed criticism. It is true that 'turns' and witticisms are much easier

to write (and simpler to read) than any critical comments. But the next four years will be a crucial time for sound broadcasting, and it would be a good thing if critics stopped criticizing the pronunciation of definite articles, and tried to say something useful and constructive. It would be an advantage if responsible editors set them some kind of example and showed more sense of proportion when they allocated space.

Having said this, I am forced to begin my criticism this week with unfavourable comment. The first of three talks on *Paradise Lost* (Third Programme, June 13) was a remarkably tedious talk on Milton's Satan. The tedium was all the more remarkable since Satan is among Milton's most intense and magnificent creations; but Professor Empson's delivery deserved the lowest marks one could award. This was regrettable, as his essay was academically vigorous; but good contributions to learned journals do not always make good listening.

There was no feeling of keeping to script in 'Unfair to Teenagers' (Home Service, June 17). This was a downright conversation between Percy Cudlipp, of *The New Scientist*, and Harry H. Webb, who founded the Stonehouse Gang Group; and it ranged over many aspects of modern youth. Were present-day teenagers really averse from youth organizations? Were they bored by the thought of scheduled leisure, and the idea of orderly ganging-up? In the last twenty-one years Mr. Webb has taken a leaf out of juvenile delinquency; he has proved that a gang group staffed by voluntary workers, and meeting regularly in its clubhouse, could exercise a strong attraction and also do considerable good. There was, happily, no do-gooding about Mr. Webb himself, although he urged the importance of sincerity, standards, and genuine friendliness; and his most obvious quality was his bracing sympathy with the teenage mind.

'At Home and Abroad' is usually a bracing programme; and the latest edition (Home Service, June 17) gave us a lively sparring match between Kenneth Harris and the newly appointed Chairman of the National Coal Board. Mr. Robens (who heads an industry as large as the armed services) put up a very good fight; and Mr. Harris asked his questions with the suavity and dexterity of John Freeman (but not, I must add, with Mr. Freeman's classic ruthlessness). Then came a concise report from Tokyo on the postponement of the Eisenhower visit; and then a quick follow-up to Mr. Basil Spence's disturbing observation at the architects' conference. If our green belts were being preserved, could the same be said of the 'white land' beyond them? Were speculators buying up all available building sites? The points were nicely debated, but one felt the theme deserved rather more than the regulation seven minutes. It would be stimulating to hear from Mr. Spence himself.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

## MUSIC



### Improvisation Today

IN A DULL WEEK the brief discussion between Yehudi Menuhin and Nicholas Nabokov 'On Improvisation' (Third Programme, June 15) was conspicuously interesting. Not that it was particularly good as a discussion: neither speaker proved very articulate, and far too many of the questions—let alone the answers—were padded out with parenthetical expositions of tangential issues for the course of the argument to be easily followed. But however unpractised these two musicians might be as speakers, both of them, the composer and the violinist, have wide-ranging and speculative minds, and inevitably they started a hare or two. Since these will still be running

next year, and for many a year to come, I rather hope that the B.B.C. will invite Messrs Nabokov and Menuhin to resume their conversation on some future occasion, but this time in the presence of, say, a philosopher and a historian who could help to formulate the right questions—which means, of course, the awkward questions.

Part of the trouble sprang on this occasion from Nabokov's over-simplification of the historical background. The suggestion that there was a flourishing tradition of improvisation until about the end of the eighteenth century, which more or less died with Beethoven is half-truth based, I suspect, on too exclusive concern with the realization of figured bass. A more fruitful start might have been made by considering the role of notation in music. To judge by our own musical culture, which is the only one that most of us know anything about, notation was first adopted as a mnemonic aid in transmitting a traditional repertory from generation to generation and from place to place. A first such notation could do (and was expected to do) no more than transmit the bare bones of a piece; the scope for individual interpretation and embellishment remained as wide as ever had been, though such improvisation would be mainly decorative in function. By little by little notation allowed (and tempted) musicians to greater individuality and to more complex kinds of invention. Notation has always lagged slightly behind the composer's intentions, but nevertheless it is a vehicle for them—one that has made them increasingly independent of mere performance.

Now Mr. Nabokov seemed to imply that the latter result was a bad thing. It well may be, but at the same time we have to admit that it is precisely among those compositions which are most dependent on the existence of notation that we find those we agree to value most highly. Historians of music know very well that even if all the written music of the late Middle Ages survived it would be as the exposed peak of an iceberg in comparison with the music that was improvised and never written down because it never needed to be; yet few of us would sacrifice Machaut's Mass for the privilege of hearing Landini improvise upon a plainsong—as often must have. We know from contemporary reports that Mozart's and Beethoven's improvisations at the keyboard were magnificent, but we had to pay for the privilege of hearing them by losing the music that they actually took trouble to write down I imagine that most of us would forgo the pleasure.

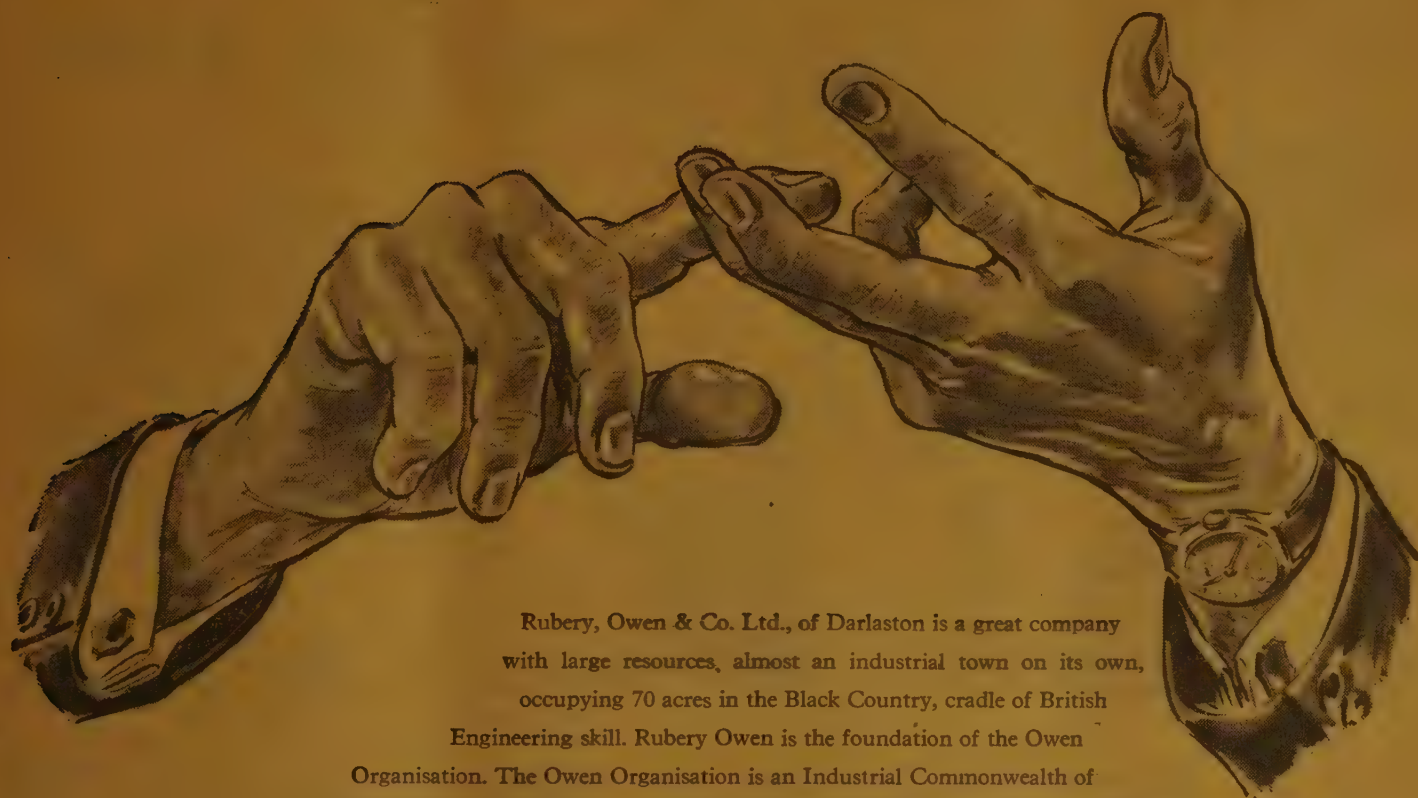
The trouble today is that composers have developed such a refined notational apparatus for expressing their intentions that the element of genuine improvisation (and Mr. Menuhin was surely right to exclude the deliberate 'randomness' of certain members of the avant-garde from this category) has been banished almost exclusively to the realm of jazz. Of course, for many centuries there has been a scope for improvisation in dance-music than more complex and sophisticated compositions; what is alarming about the present situation is simply the sharpness with which the line is drawn—and this is merely another symptom of the immense and still increasing gulf that separates the preoccupations of most 'serious' composers from the needs or interests of the vast new potential public created for them by the radio and the gramophone.

Quite what anyone who is not a composer can do about this apart from deploring it I cannot imagine, but I doubt very much whether Mr. Menuhin's idea of instructing Western musicians in the music of the East will produce much of a solution. Europe (and its great cultural colony America) has been committed to the worship of individual achievement for



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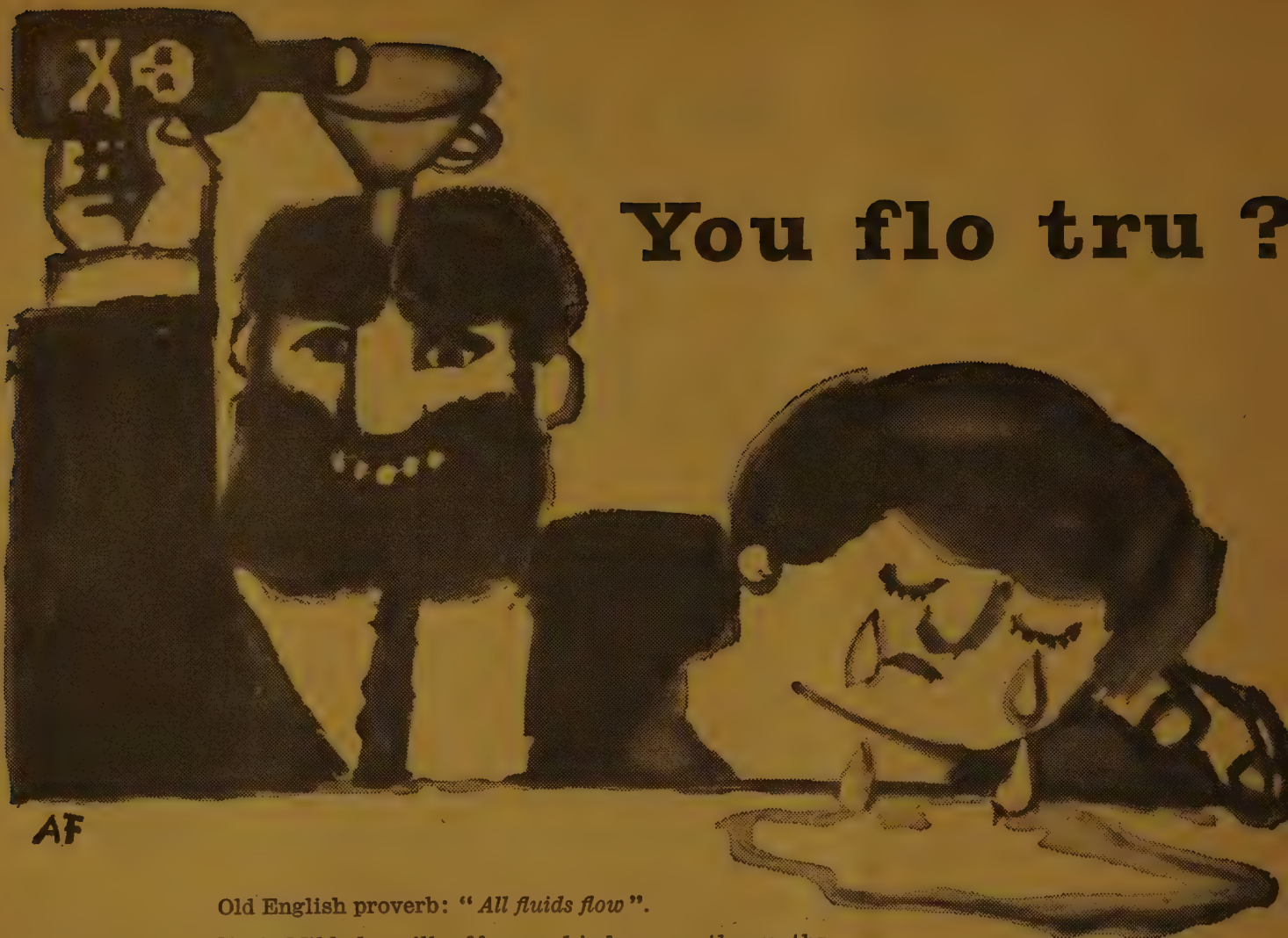


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# You flo tru ?

AF

Old English proverb: "All fluids flow".

Fact. Mild ale, milk of human kindness, meths, myths,  
moths, maths, mulligatawny . . . all flow, all anyhow.  
Beer downhill, damp uphill, ink everywhere. Sea sideways in lumps.

At home, no problem. Turn hot tap, get cold water.  
But in British beehive of industry, buzz buzz clickety click,  
flow-control fundamental. Can't pump chemicals Anglo-Saxon drainpipes . . .  
can't pour phenolphthalein chipped teapot . . .  
can't put new wine old buckets . . . Laughing stock.

So. Modern industrial practice *thinwall piping systems* in (e.g.) chemical  
(e.g.) petro-chemical installations. How neat, light, precise, how thin wall,  
smooth bore, non corrosive! Everyone pleased. Fluids flow fast, no knock glug.  
All enchanted. But how turn corner? All ask.

How? Thin-wall elbows, bends, wiggles, forks, junctions . . .  
Who? Wilmot Breeden . . .

*Wilmot Breeden first manufacturers in U.K. to undertake large-scale production  
thin-wall elbows, other etcetera fittings. TRUFLO range (Tru-true flow-flo . . .)  
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ong to turn to a mode of expression governed by tradition. Freedom to improvise can exist only within a traditional framework, and traditions, once lost, cannot be reimposed.

Readers of this column will have noted that the prospectus of the sixty-sixth season of Promenade Concerts has now been published. The season lasts from July 23 to September 17, and it is particularly notable for the number of twentieth-century works in the programmes.

Some of these seem rather odd choices for the cavernous acoustics of the Albert Hall (I cannot imagine what Bartok's Two-piano Sonata will sound like), but it is good to see that Stravinsky's Symphony in C and Symphony in Three Movements have at last found a place, as well as Schönberg's Orchestral Variations. The policy of including second and third performances of new British works (which notoriously need them) seems to have been at least tem-

porarily abandoned, and there are, as Mr. Glock says in his foreword, too few new young artists. Nevertheless it is impossible to do everything in an eight-week season; all we can reasonably ask for is some sort of balance between old and new, with as high a standard of performance as can be managed in such a crowded schedule—and this we shall certainly get, with several young conductors to share the burden.

JEREMY NOBLE

## Berlioz's First Opera

By BERNARD KEEFFE

'Benvenuto Cellini' will be broadcast at 6.40 p.m. on Sunday, June 26 (Third)



THIS YEAR the Third Programme has offered listeners the unprecedented opportunity of hearing within the space of four months all Berlioz' works for the stage. The last of these, *Benvenuto Cellini*, was in point of time the first to be completed and was given at the Opéra on September 10, 1838. Its progress to the boards had been hampered by the usual obstacles of ill-health, intrigue, and indolence, not to speak of the instinctive opposition of all in authority to music as original as that of Berlioz.

The original conception came wholly from the composer, who sketched a scenario for the librettists, Wailly and Barbier, to put into verse. Barbier remarked in later years that the choice of the artist-hero was a conscious attempt by Berlioz to depict his own struggles against the musical Establishment of his time (perhaps this was a model for *Die Meistersinger*). In this particular struggle the Establishment won the first round, for when Berlioz and his collaborators presented themselves to the Opéra-comique with the text, and the chorus of sculptors as a specimen of the music to come, it was rejected. The libretto was considered unsuitable for 'this family house' (the same objection was raised years later over *Carmen*) and contained earthy language out of place in the theatre. Alfred de Vigny took a hand, added a lyric and his name to the title-page, and behold it was accepted at the Opéra itself. Second round to Berlioz!

But that was the limit of his success in Paris. This was his first experience of the theatre (apart from a spell as a chorister in the Théâtre des Nouveautés) and he quickly learned that the last person expected to know anything about the opera was the composer. Here began the nightmare of cuts, alterations, and distortions that was to cloud all his dealings with the lyric theatre. When the opera finally reached the stage it was greeted with the organized opposition that seems to be the most constant characteristic of Parisian audiences, and it failed.

The favourite point of attack was the libretto, always the easiest target for an opera critic. There were colloquialisms that Parisian audiences found absurd; the action was presented in a series of tableaux rather than with an explicit narrative continuity, and of course the theme of an artist-hero was an affront to a society that kept its artists kept well to heel. The music itself contained several gibes at the very conventions it seemed to accept—Rossini's interminable ad libitum repetitions are gaudy in the Carnival, for example. Berlioz set about revising the piece immediately, a task that was never completed to his satisfaction, although he worked at it on and off until his death, thirty-one years later.

The story was suggested by incidents in Cellini's autobiography and is set in Rome during the carnival of 1532.

Act I: The house of Balducci, papal treasurer. As he leaves to visit the Pope, a bouquet of flowers, thrown through the window by a reveller, announces to Teresa his daughter, the imminent arrival of her lover, Cellini. As they sing a love duet Fieramosca, a 'civil servant' sculptor and the approved suitor, enters secretly and overhears their plan for an elopement during the night of the carnival. Balducci returns, Cellini makes his escape unseen, and Fieramosca is left to the mercy of Balducci's servants.

Act II: The Piazza Colonna. Cellini and his sculptor friends are making merry but are short of money until Ascanio, Cellini's apprentice, comes from the Pope with a fee for the casting of a statue of Perseus. Strolling players begin their pantomime of King Midas, in which they mock Balducci, Rossini, and Italian opera at one blow. As Balducci's anger rises, Cellini and Francesco, disguised as monks, try to spirit Teresa away as planned, but Fieramosca and Pompeo have come in the same disguise. There is a fight and Pompeo is killed. A canon sounds the end of the carnival, the lights go out, and Cellini makes his escape.

Act III: Cellini's studio. Teresa and Ascanio are waiting Cellini's return and offer a prayer for his safety. He arrives still in disguise, and recounts his adventures. Balducci and then the Cardinal (originally Pope Clement VII) arrive. The former demands Cellini's life, the latter his statue. An ultimatum is presented: he must cast the statue by midnight or forfeit his life. Cellini pauses to sing a beautiful aria questioning the fate of the artist, then sets about the task. The metal grows short, so he throws in all the works in the studio. At last the casting is done, the statue stands glowing before their eyes, and the opera ends with a triumphant reprise of the sculptors' hymn to their art.

That brief sketch of the action is in the three-act form (the opera was originally in two), finally settled with Liszt during the revivals that he presented at Weimar in 1852 and 1853. Liszt's first task when he settled at Weimar was to present the exiled Wagner's *Lohengrin*; his second, despite Wagner's advice to the contrary, was to revive *Benvenuto Cellini*. Berlioz was delighted and agreed to his proposal with enthusiasm: 'I swear to you that I shall never find again this verve and Cellinian impetuosity; nor such a variety of ideas. . . I count on you and your enthusiasm to "pygmalionise" these statues'. Berlioz was unable to attend the first performances but received from Liszt and others a full account of its success. He also received from Liszt (again contrary to Wagner's advice, who said that Berlioz could never accept criticism) some suggestions for improvements. Berlioz's reply was as follows: 'All you say is perfectly just, everything you want to cut has always seemed to me intolerably cold. You are

the first however to offer a simple solution'.

The simple solution in fact amounted to the suppression of no less than eleven scenes in the Third Act, several cuts within numbers, and a major rearrangement of what remained. Berlioz was anxious to save some numbers from the 'shipwreck', as he called it, and supplied new words for them so that they could stand elsewhere. The principal structural weakness was undoubtedly due to the sluggish progress of the action from the Cardinal's ultimatum to the dénouement. Originally much of the music before his arrival came after it, with different and admittedly much more effective and colourful texts. The chorus of workmen for example, now merely a conventional grumble at the prospect of work, was originally a sort of strike notice, withdrawn only after Teresa and Ascanio had appealed to their sense of loyalty. Ascanio's aria has become a rather forced reminiscence of the events of the carnival, instead of a very apposite comment on Cellini's plight.

Of all the versions that exist, it seems clear that the autograph orchestral score is the final version as agreed with Liszt, and embodying the subsequent modifications made by the composer. This score was used by Choudens as the basis for their printed full score; this however exists in few copies and was locked up for years in the vault where *The Trojans* was also imprisoned.

Berlioz, as we have seen, had an enormous affection for this work, and referred repeatedly to its energy and variety—'*diablement vivace*', as he called it. This abundance of vitality stems largely from the rhythmic ingenuity evident immediately in the opening bars of the overture, one of the most startling introductions to an opera ever written. (How much more startling if we could hear it with 1838 ears!)

As with *The Trojans* and *Beatrice and Benedict*, this work gives an increased delight because its beauties are unfamiliar. In Mozart and Verdi our pleasure is almost a habit, though none the less for being predictable; here one feels like a botanist in a newly discovered landscape finding flowers whose existence he never suspected. They are disturbing and difficult to classify, but once their individuality is recognized the way is open to a new world of exquisite form and colour.

*Film Processing and After-processing Treatment of 16-mm. Films* is the title of B.B.C. Engineering Division Monograph No. 30 for May 1960. This has been written by Mr. L. J. Wheeler, who is a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society. In Part I Mr. Wheeler writes about the film-processing equipment in the B.B.C. Television News Service. The monograph can be obtained (5s. post free) from B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or through newsagents and book-sellers.



## Two Poems

### Death of an Actor

Old man sailing,  
pillows your ships,  
out to death  
with Lear on your lips:

too weak to climb  
to any prow,  
boards and public  
beyond you now.

You think of the thirties—  
your zeal to invent  
a passionate myth  
of Jewish descent.

You touch your curls,  
as tight as twine,  
as Celtic as twilight,  
and see a sign.

You call for reporters  
and swear with a flood  
of Falstaffian oaths  
you have negro blood:

then suddenly know  
you identify  
yourself with the victim  
most when you die.

RAYMOND GARLICK

So fresh the monsoon shower,  
Heir to last night's sky:  
The earth stirs in its bed,  
Young ancient, set and spry.

The gecko knows the fly it eats.  
My foot's a present menace to the snake,  
He doesn't wait a week then bite my child.  
No doctrine joins the duck and drake.

Among the ageless trees—seen,  
Heard, felt, smelt—the elements!  
Smooth frangipani, hard-faced teak,  
Closer to their parasites than we to friends,

Who with circuitous aim can kill,  
And then condone ourselves, by might  
Of our lone-walking, huge and foggy god—  
what is convenient is right.

D. J. ENRIGHT

### Realists

The heirs to all the ages,  
We have learnt: 'That's how things are!'  
The right thing is the handy thing,  
No call to push imagination far.

## Inter-City Par Contest—Second Semi-final

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THE SECOND semi-final in the inter-city par contest was between Derby, represented as before by Mr. N. J. Rees, Mr. E. White, Mr. H. N. D. Bailey, and Dr. J. Macfarlane, and a team from various cities in Cheshire, consisting of Mr. J. E. Gordon, Mrs. O. J. Topping, Mr. A. P. Driver, and Mr. C. E. Phillips. This was the hand that they were asked to bid and play: East dealer, love all:

NORTH		EAST	
♠ 7 4		♠ K 10 8 6 5 2	
♥ 9 3		♥ A K Q	
♦ 10 8 7 5 3		♦ —	
♣ J 10 9 6		♣ A K 7 3	
WEST		SOUTH	
♠ A 9		♠ Q J 3	
♥ J 10 6 4		♥ 8 7 5 2	
♦ A 9 6 2		♦ K Q J 4	
♣ 8 5 2		♣ Q 4	

Six Spades is a fair contract for East-West but difficult to reach if East opens One Spade and West responds One No Trump. However, the Derby players forced the pace with the following auction:

WEST	EAST
Mr. Rees	Mr. White
—	1S
2D	3S
4S	4N.T.
5H	6S
No	

East's bidding was somewhat precipitous, for his partner might have been quite weak in

spades. However, the final contract scored the full award of 5 points.

South made the directed lead of the king of diamonds and East's problem was to dispose of the losing clubs. He missed the main point of the play and so did not add to his team's score.

The Cheshire pair had a rather more controlled auction:

WEST	EAST
Mr. Phillips	Mr. Driver
—	2S
3S	4C
4D	5S
6S	No

The opening bid of Two Spades was forcing for one round. The judges thought that East might have taken the opportunity to show his heart control over Four Diamonds, but on the next round Mr. Phillips, sitting West, correctly judged that his partner could hardly have two losing hearts and do so much bidding.

South again opened the king of diamonds and Mr. Driver handled the cards in a way that earned him 4½ points out of 5. He discarded the queen of hearts on the ace of diamonds at trick 1, cashed the ace and king of hearts, and then played king of spades and a spade to dummy's ace. There was still a top spade outstanding, but as South had to follow to the jack and 10 of hearts, declarer was able to discard his two losing clubs and lose only to the queen of trumps.

This play was inaccurate only to the extent that declarer might have cashed the king of spades before leading the top hearts. An alternative way of playing is to make the king of spades and then lead off ace, king and queen of hearts. That play is good enough if the hearts are 3-3 or if the player who has a doubleton

heart has the third spade. Since the player with a doubleton heart is slightly more likely to have three spades, this second way is equally good. Cheshire won the match by 9½ points to 0 and entered the final against Liverpool.

### Notes on Contributors

CHRISTOPHER MARTIN (page 1079): Director of Studies of the Hansard Society for Parliamentary Government; co-editor of *Prism* (an Anglican monthly magazine)

IAN DUNLOP (page 1081): correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who has lived for the past six years in Japan

F. H. HINSLEY (page 1082): Lecturer in History, Cambridge University; author of *Hitler's Strategy*, etc.

PETER TOWNSEND (page 1087): Assistant Lecturer and Senior Research Officer in Social Administration, London University; author of *The Family Life of Old People: an Enquiry in East London*

J. M. RICHARDS, C.B.E. (page 1089): joint editor, *Architectural Review*; Hoffmann Wood Professor of Architecture, Leeds University, 1957-59; author of *The Functional Tradition in Early Industrial Buildings*, etc.

PATRICK MOORE (page 1091): Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society; author of *Rockets and Earth Satellites*, *Astronautics: Guide to the Stars* (1960), etc.

BERNARD KEEFFE (page 1117): on the staff of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; assistant, Music Programme Department B.B.C., 1955-60





# Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

## A Traditional Fish Soup

THIS PARTICULAR FISH soup is a north-country dish, and I obtained my recipe from an old lady who lived in Aberdeenshire. Here are the ingredients:

- 1 lb. of white fish
- 1 pint of cold water
- 1 teacup of milk
- 2 oz. of butter
- 2 oz. of flour
- a little chopped parsley
- salt to taste

Almost any white fish can be used for this soup, but haddock, whiting, or plaice are among the most suitable. Wash the fish carefully, cut in pieces without removing the skin, and put into a lined saucepan with the water and salt, and bring slowly to the boil. Remove the scum as it rises. Cook for a few minutes until the fish loses its transparent appearance, then lift out a few neat pieces; take the skin off them, and remove any bone, and put aside these pieces for serving in the soup.

Let the remainder cook slowly for about an hour until all the goodness is drawn from the fish, then strain through a fine sieve or a strainer. Clean the saucepan to get rid of any scum, and put in the butter. Melt it, then blend in the flour till smooth, and add the fish liquor and

the milk and stir till boiling. Add the fish pieces you have kept aside, the chopped parsley, and a little more seasoning if necessary. Cook it all for a minute or two longer, and serve very hot.

This soup is specially suitable for invalids, but if you want to make a richer soup, you can add a few pieces of chopped vegetables to the fish. You can also vary it by adding an egg yolk. Put the yolk into a basin and pour the hot soup slowly on to it, stirring all the time. Again, for a richer soup you can use 1 or 2 tablespoons of cream instead of milk.

MOLLY WEIR  
—'Today'

## Using Up Egg Yolks

A listener writes to say that her family is very fond of meringues and she finds it difficult to use up the egg yolks that are left over. Here are some of the ways I use yolks.

First, there is home-made mayonnaise; then there is a boiled salad cream, cheap and invaluable in summer, made by adding 2 yolks of egg, 1 ounce of softened butter, a gill of milk and 1½ gills of vinegar to 1 ounce of seasoned flour, and cooking until it thickens. Remember, too, that egg yolks are essential for thickening such sauces as Hollandaise.

French flan pastry, or *pâté sucrée*, much the nicest for a fruit flan, is made from 4 ounces of plain flour, 2 ounces of caster sugar, 2 ounces of butter, and 2 egg yolks. Excellent cheese straws are made by using yolk of egg to bind the pastry; and a delicious butter-cream for filling and decorating cakes is made from egg yolks, butter, and sugar. Recipes for these will be found in a cookery book.

For transforming a simple cream soup into something special, beat a coffee-cup of top of milk with an egg yolk, and then further dilute it with a little of the cooked soup, hot but not boiling. Return it to the pan and let the soup heat without boiling.

MARGARET RYAN  
—'Woman's Hour'

## Norfolk Treacle Tart

Line a deep pie-plate with short-crust pastry. Melt 4 tablespoons of golden syrup with an ounce of butter, the grated rind of a lemon, and a teaspoonful of the juice. Let it all cool, and add an egg beaten with the top of the milk. Cook for half an hour in a moderate oven.

When measuring out the syrup I find it is helpful to heat the spoon.

ANNE WILD  
—'Shopping List'

## Crossword No. 1,569.

### Starting from Scratch.

By Jackdaw

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, June 30. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

AN AMERICAN NAMED SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE — (unchecked letters) will help solvers to check that the puzzle is properly completed. Solvers are asked to signal their further appreciation of his contribution (using one of the four Indian drums in line A, M, N, and Z?) putting one element in each space between crosses of the appropriate lettered line. Other lights are normal and the clues are in order but numbered for convenience only. Accents, etc., are ignored: no light is of less than three letters.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
N	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
O	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
P	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Q	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
R	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
S	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
T	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
U	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
V	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
W	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
X	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Y	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Z	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+

### Signal Lights

Down

- A. See instructions.
- B. Being male or female, as Milton said about the exception (5)
- C. 'Decamped'—when I got the money mixed (4)
- D. Title in short that is the aim of all Scots (5)
- E. Simpleton who once played the buffoon (4)
- F. A little bread (one slice?) for the Scotsman's lunch (5)
- G. Condemn with the noise of a goose (4)
- H. Not far from divers towns in Russia (5)
- I. They hold more wine than beer and sherry (5)
- J. The chimney crashes and it is burnt (4)
- K. Sweetheart of the Richmond upper set? (4)
- L. Counsel of old—now worth a penny more (5)
- M. See instructions.
- N. See instructions.
- O. Pipe made of soft rubber (4)
- P. In a old malediction (4)
- Q. Spenser's wild rose (5)
- R. The swamp reflected in a sylvan scene (3)
- S. Rush from the sailor in the railway (5)
- T. She emphatically was cut short by a portcullis (5)
- U. Somerset ditch where German waters flow (5)
- V. A mass of hair is mostly overhead for the Scot (5)
- W. Be first to make a sign with the finger (4)
- X. Half of half and half: best offer from a fence (4)
- Y. Mahomedan teaching gives you a very bright start (5)
- Z. See instructions.

### Normal Clues

Across

1. One of the ordinaries from an iron ship
2. Indian stalling; on reflection a widespread game
3. Previously a ballad with a bitter end
4. Peculiar flavour of Shakespeare's ginger
5. Is the potato the underground king?
6. Mandarin's home for the old—so let it be
7. Was content with a remunerative yield
8. Stuff back the bait in the water
9. Be well and happy!
10. Gives a false impression
11. Go astray in the middle of the crossing
12. Hidings got from riot scenes
13. Tied in knots by the old writing
14. Verses composed by the duke in silly surroundings
15. Christmas decoration wholly decapitated

16. Turn the page to find this passage
17. Get a kick out of it to excite
18. Let me go to South Africa to find a big one
19. Open country of little agricultural value
20. Brewer's cart upset with thirsty result
21. Sharp pointed for fencing
22. A cheerful song to sing
23. Encircling bands of the last of the visitors to Mecca
24. Marginal note of a Greek rip
25. Nest of wasps pedalled south of the border
26. Muskeeter from Holloway
27. He wrote with his feet
28. Second publication of something near treason
29. Loads of heartless hateful persons
30. Common soldier with a mysterious power
31. Avert something fishy?

Down

1. Young cook
2. Hoodwink or else upset
3. Belief in local government
4. I thank you for the palm
5. The sailor's behind a coarse fabric
6. Beginning or end of the end
7. Take till back
8. Watch the English agent
9. Yes back up before a carousel
10. A spring of water—that may ebb or flow?
11. Spenser's alight to be of use
12. Change of regard for the octocoon
13. Cut off a return for the Roman magistrate
14. Old cook is a neat short of new cook
15. I return to trouble the flanks
16. Weaver's reeds
17. Protrudes from 'he rest, sex confused
18. Painter who disturbs an Irish house
19. Money put back in the provincial trench
20. Steward breaks an arm in putting the room back in order
21. I'd already a twisted leg in the icy cold
22. Short demonstration of Scot's call to a cow
23. Lengthened
24. Soak in pure turpentine
25. Suitable half of an indeclinable noun
26. A piece of smoked herring to lie on
27. Gentleman from the government leaves his car outside

## Solution of No. 1,567

B	U	L	L	C	A	L	F	C	A	L	C	H	A	S
O	L	I	V	E	R	I	S	I	L	V	I	U	S	E
S	I	M	P	C	O	X	T	V	E	R	G	E	S	A
O	F	L	A	V	I	U	S	A	L	A	R	B	U	S
M	O	R	G	A	N	V	A	U	X	V	A	R	R	O
L	U	C	E	N	T	I	O	E	X	E	T	E	R	N
F	L	U	T	E	P	A	R	I	S	N	C	A	T	O
D	S	R	I	C	A	S	T	M	O	N	I	D	E	S
A	L	E	X	A	S	E	X	E	R	U	G	B	Y	S
T	Y	B	A	L	T	R	E	I	G	N	I	E	R	A

Note

The scores were 1, 6, 9, 9, 50, 51, 51, 55, 55, 59, 70, 101, 101, 104, and 105.

1st Prize: S. O. Ellams (Uckfield); 2nd prize: C. O. Butcher (London, E.4); 3rd prize: E. M. Gibbon (Cheltenham)



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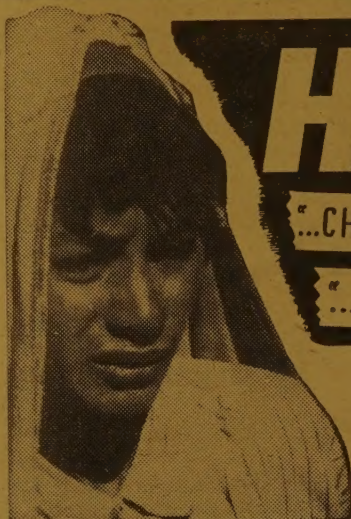
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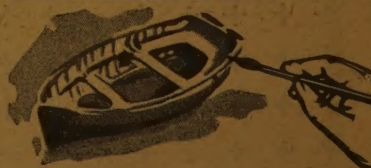
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